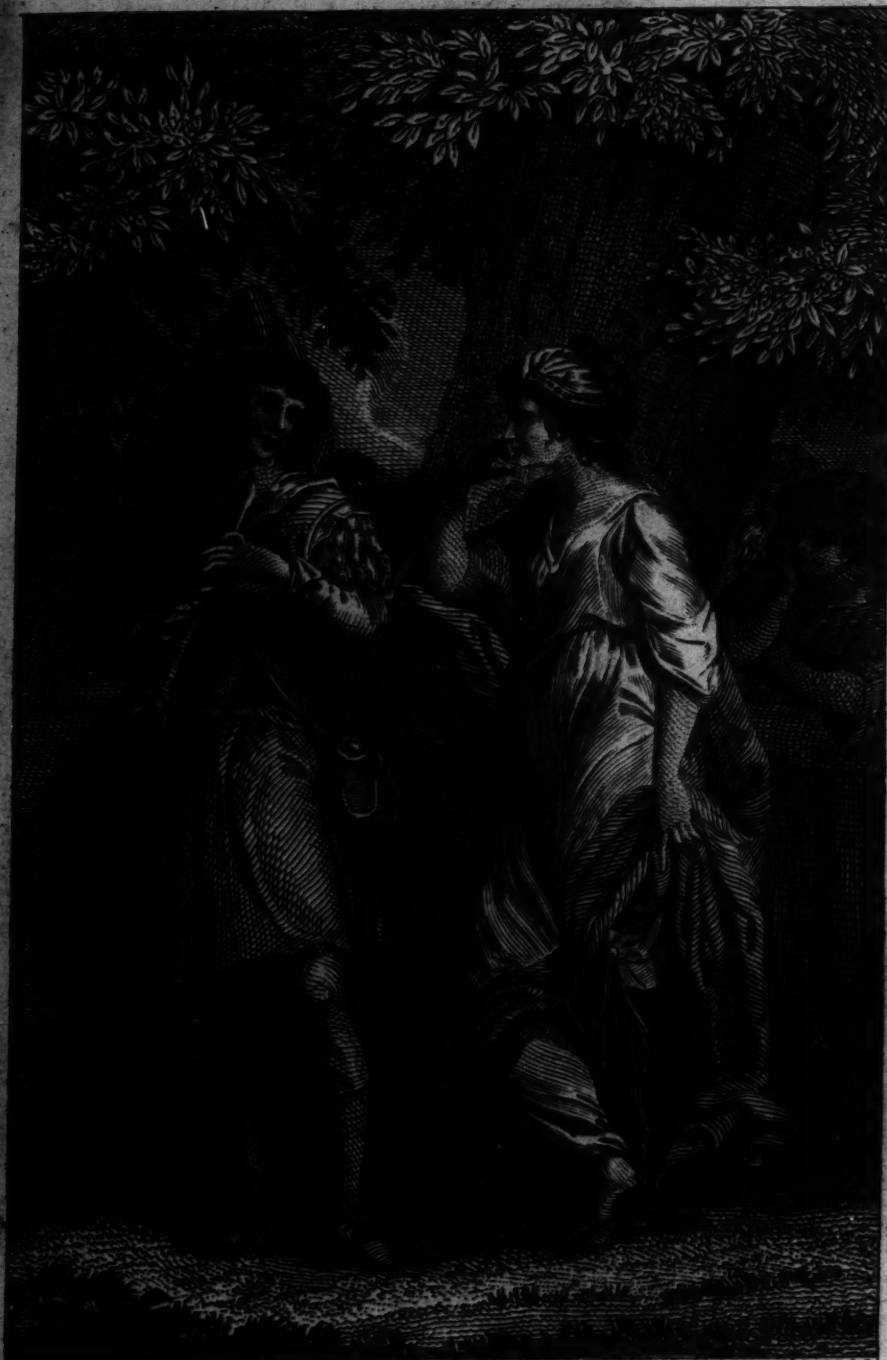


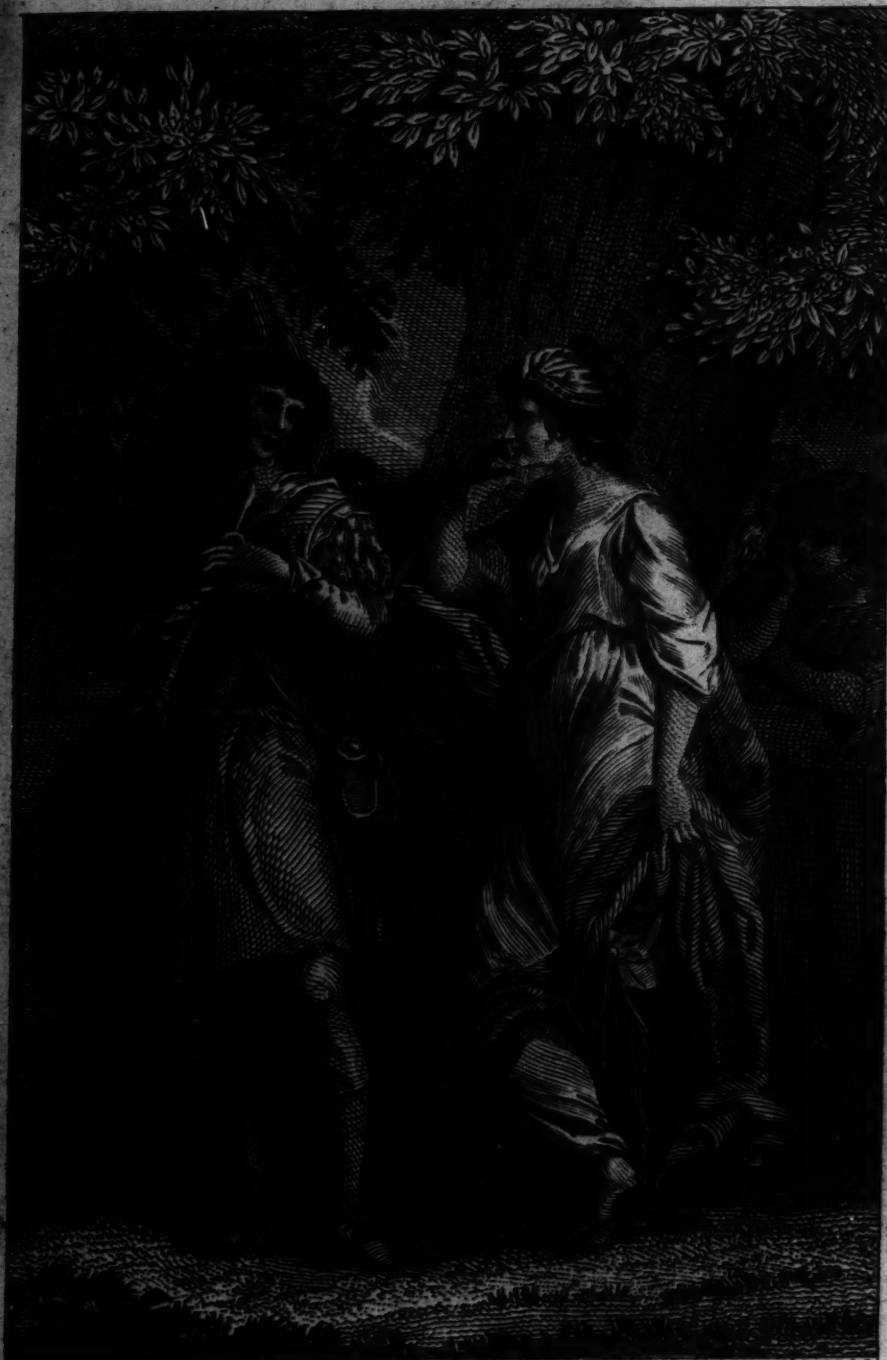
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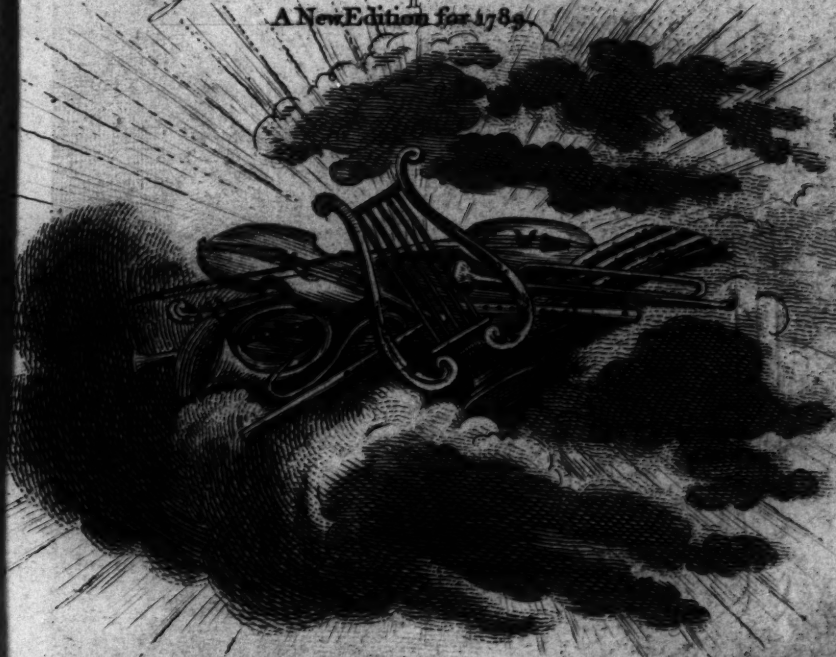
AN ELEGANT SELECTION of
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S O N G S

Lately Sung at the
Theatres Royal

Drury Lane, Covent Garden,
Royalty Theatre, Vaux Hall,
Haymarket, &c. &c. &c.

A New Edition for 1789.



Printed for C. STALKER, N^o 4, Stationers Court,
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P R E F A C E.

THE following collection is a more general one than any other extant, selected, the Editor flatters himself, with that attention which will gain the public approbation. All the modern songs are included, with such of those of an earlier date, whose merit has stood the test of time, and which are generally sung in the politest companies. In this new edition will also be found many songs written on purpose for this work, and which of course are not to be found in any similar collection.

The main intent of song writing is to promote harmony and good fellowship; these principal ingredients to
sweeten

P R E F A C E.

sweeten the cup of life will be found in this collection in sufficient abundance. And whilst care has been taken to exclude any thing that may offend the ear of decency, humour and conviviality have not been neglected: so that the devotee of pleasure and mirth will here find matter of amusement, as well as the Bacchanalian and the man of sentiment. Particular attention has also been shewn to the fair sex, who in this selection will meet an agreeable companion for a leisure hour.

THE

THE
NEW VOCAL ENCHANTRESS.

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.

SWEET blushing flow'r! a while
Breathe soft incense on the air,
Yet thy balmy dews distill,
And be the gard'ner's pride and care!

Yet a little, charm the sense,
Yet a moment, fix the eye,
Then, for thy short pre-eminence,
Be ravish'd from thy stock, and die!

A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.

DEAR native scenes, fair Seville's towers,
That rear your antique spires so high,
Your awful groves and fragrant bowers
Fond memory traces with reverted eye;

B

And

And hope, of all that train remaining
Which once gay youth and pleasure led,
At every pause of my complaining,
Points to your vales belov'd, and sacred shade.



A I R.

*Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.*

THE heart which love has wounded,
By fear and death surrounded,
One only thought alarms;
It mocks the raging ocean,
The stormy wind's commotion,
Or din of hostile arms:

Its wonted cares are banish'd,
Its early terrors vanish'd,
It pants with fears unknown;
Throbs with too fierce pulsation,
To mark the dull vibration,
That trembles with its own.



A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.*

THE god who form'd our wretched race,
In pity clos'd the book of fate,
Forbad with impious search to trace
The ills—that all alike await.

Ah! wherefore burst the friendly shade,
Which shuts the future from our sight,
And tear the veil, by mercy spread,
To shield us from a painful light!

Full soon shall time, so seeming slow,
With noiseless steps his course fulfill,
And call to birth each destin'd woe,
Each embryo grief, and ripen'd ill.



A I R.

*Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.*

HAVE you not seen an infant's prize
In vain its snowy pinions beat,
That tipp'd with gold, and Tyrian dyes,
Are only guilty of its fate?
With cruel kindness, to her breast
The thoughtless nymph her captive presses;
That tortur'd still, and still caress'd,
Breathes out its little life in kisses!

Such is, in faithful lines pourtray'd,
The story of the woes I prove;
So wretched woman is betray'd
By beauty, and undone by love!

With cruel kindness, &c.



A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.*

FAIR liberty! whom heaven gave
But where peculiarly it loves;
And put off all it meant for slave
With orange-bow'rs and citron groves!

The children of the frozen north,
 Where nature half her gifts retains,
 Are doom'd to tame the churlish earth,
 For tasteless fruits, and tardy grains;

Yet while their weary task they ply,
 By thee their fainting souls are cheer'd!
 No stern, unfeeling lord is nigh,
 No rods are seen, no chains are heard!
 Still as they guide the delving plough,
 Or bind pale Autumn's scanty store;
 To thee, their manly lives they vow,
 To thee, their grateful strains they pour!

A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the new comic opera of the
 Prophet.*

SWEET innocence has charms, to soothe
 Each lawless thought which love inspires,
 And calms the fiery pulse of youth
 With meek devotion's pure desires!

To chasten, and refine, she knows,
 Tumultuous wishes, burning sighs;
 And turns the breath of eager vows
 To incense, and to sacrifice!

A I R:

*Sung by Mrs. Webb, in the new comic opera of the
 Prophet.*

TO be true to the man they admire,
 Is a virtue, all women alike have—
 When pleasure and duty conspire
 Our conduct's as plain as a pike staff:

But

But at once to detest, and be true too,
Another to love, and resist him,
Is on wives too tyrannic a duty,
To be practised by Turk, or by Christian.

A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.*

WHEN I wash a mighty little boy,
Heart-cakes I made, and pepper-mint drops,
Wafers and sweet-chalk I us'd for to cry,
Alicompain, and nice lollipops.

Nextsht I made rollers for the macs,
To curl deir hair, 'twash very good—
Rosin I painted for sealing-wax,
And forg'd upon't *Wel bränd en vast houd.*

Then to try my luck in de alley I went,
But of dat I soon grew tir'd, or wiser—
Monish I lent at fifty per cent,
And wash I. H. in de Public Advertiser.

De nexsht thing I did, was a spirited prank,
Which at a stroke my fortune made,
For I happen'd to write so like the cashiers of de bank,
De clerks didn't know de difference, and de monish
was paid.

So having sheated the Gentiles, as Moses commanded,
I began to tremble at every gibbet I saw,
So I got on board a ship, and here I am landed,
In spite of judges, counsellors, attorneys and law.



A I R.

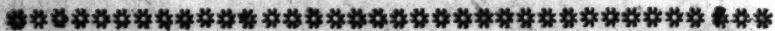
Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new comic opera of the Prophet.

SAY, when the chaf'ning hand of heaven requires
Of the torn breast, its better, dearer part ;
Can love, obedient, put out all his fires,
Or reason quell the pulse, and calm the heart ?

“ Will no fond passage linger in the mind,
“ Nor tender words yet vibrate on the ear,
“ Nor look nor gesture, leave its trace behind,
“ The hand its pressure, nor its brine the tear ?”

No—In this bleeding vault of breathing earth,
Thy gracious image shall for aye, remain,
Or from its living cavern bursting forth,
Glide thro' the chambers of my madding brain !

By heaven rejected and of thee bereav'd,
Madness or death must draw the shaft of fate.
My tortur'd sense must crack to be reliev'd,
My heart to be at ease, must cease to beat.



A I R.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the new comic opera of the Prophet.

I N each new scene of varied woes
My long-lost fair I find ;
No picture of distress but shews
Her image to my mind—

No

No heart but *her's*, appears to thrill,
 No bosom heaves but *her's*,
 And with *her* form my terrors fill,
 Each dress affliction wears.



A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new comic opera of the
 Prophet.*

WHAT cares surround a monarch's brow,
 And weigh the splendid sufferer down;
 Known victim of each public woe—
 And silent martyr of his own.
 With the bright circle of a crown,
 Around our temples, grief we bind;
 And press beneath the royal gown
 The vulture, that devours the mind.

For us no social bosom heaves,
 No sympathetic sorrows roll;
 But faith, prescrib'd with friendship, leaves
 A dreary solitude of soul—
 The ills of life alone we taste,
 Thus insulated from our race!
 Preside with famine at the feast,
 With misery have the power to bless.



A I R.

*Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the new comic opera of the
 Prophet.*

HOPE, treach'rous meteor, lucid vapour!
 Ever flying,
 Still belying
 The village taper—

Wand'ring pilgrims—lone, benighted,
Thy blue falsehood, pleas'd, descry;
See the cheerful faggot lighted,
Think the social cottage nigh.—

Lambent fire, deceive, but harm not;
Pallid gleam, relume, but warm not—
Light no error in my breast,
Sooth my weary soul, but charm not;
Unrelenting,
Unconsenting,
Swearing never to be bless'd—

A I R.

*Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.*

SOMETIMES, 'tis said, the spirits of the blest
Float on the buoyant bosom of the air;
And watch with aid divine, the maid distressed,
The hermit's wand'ring step, or midnight pray'r!
With pensile minstrelsy the heaven they fill—
With harps unseen the starry roofs resound;
While from their sacred extasies distill
Peace to each care, and balm to every wound.

A I R.

*Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the new comic opera of the
Prophet.*

WHAT are the boasted joys of love!
By danger won, in fear possess'd,
There scarce is leisure in the breast,
Its wish'd-for state to prove!

How

How short the hours of bliss we know !
 By toil forerun, by terror prest !
 The heart was never truly blest,
 That did not tremble too !—

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Farmer.

HOW bright are the joys of the table,
 I mean when the cloth is remov'd ?
 Our hearts are fast held by a cable,
 While around the decanter is shov'd.
 The ladies all rise to retire,
 We stand up and look very grave :
 A bumper, then draw round the fire,
 Determin'd like souls to behave.

My servant, he knows I'm a toper,
 " Clean glasses, of wine a recruit !"
 He brings in a six bottle cooper,
 And places it close at my foot.
 I gingerly take up a bottle,
 The saw-dust I puff from his coat ;
 The cork out, he sings in the throttle,
 But sweeter than Mara his note !

" What gentleman coffee now chuses ?"
 The compliment comes from the fair ;
 No gentleman coffee refuses.
 But not a man stirs from his chair.
 Tho' Frenchmen may do so, I bar it,
 With British politeness I think ;
 While Monsieur we thank for his claret,
 He never shall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now shews in Apollo,
 A struggle 'twixt claret and wit;
 For Bacchus insists he shall swallow,
 Six bumpers before he may fit.
 Ye fair, why so ill should we treat you,
 To part ere the bottle is won?
 At supper Apollo shall meet you,
 And shew you what Bacchus has done.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Farmer.

NO more I'll court the town bred fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty;
 For native charms, without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect and duty.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
 Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.
 Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple;
 In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common;
 Ye Gods! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Let thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing:
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
 Oh, my bonny Bet, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Farmer.

COULD I trace back the time, a far distant date;
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
 And the farm I now hold on your honouf's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsully'd descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame;
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Farmer.

OLD England's a lion, stretch'd out at his ease,
 A sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas;
 Should a monkey dare to chatter, or a tyger claw,
 They tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw:
 I love a neighbour's friendship, but turn'd to foe,
 Prepare to meet him with—blow for blow!

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the Farmer.

LOVELY ladies, sprigs of fashion,
 Smile the youthful hour away;
 Welcome now the tender passion!
 In my sunshine I made hay.
 Musty age forbids soft wooing,—
 What themselves are past the doing.

But sage reason
To each season
Pleasures suiting,
Age recruiting,
By full glasses
Tho' life passes,
Wine restores the lamp of day.

RECITATIVE.

The sun's love potion
Just hits my notion,
To set in ocean :
Next morn rise, shewing
A broad face glowing,
In youth, my girl ; in age, a glorious flask,
So live—so die—is all I ask !



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in the Farmer.

WINDS, gently tell my love,
You have brought home his dove :
Say poor Louisa now flies to her mate.
How smooth the ocean !
How swift our motion !
He was my haven, and absence my fate !

Yet her lambs straying,
Thro' the meads playing,
Cropping wild flow'rs on the precipice brink ;
Joys surrounding,
Sporting, bounding,
Ne'er on fond Phillis the wanton will think.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Farmer.

TO hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow—pies on it!
 When the Captain appears in my view;
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat in strange palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When says he, my dear, how d'ye do?

The dickins, says I, here has popp'd him,
 I thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,
 So my very best curt'sy I dropt him;
 With an air then he took off his hat;
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand—how my heart panted!
 He ask'd for a kiss, which I granted,
 And, pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, fir, for what do you take me?
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
 No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,
 And then on his knee he flopp'd down;
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

S O N G.

My Gentle Anna.

Sung by Mr. Bowden, at the Concert in Hanover-square.

MY gentle Anna, ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day,
Save where perchance when others weep,
Her cheeks the decent-forrow steep.

Save when perhaps a melting tale,
O'er every tender breast prevail,
The good, the wise, the great and small,
She likes, she loves, she honors all.

My gentle, &c.

S O N G.

Louisa.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

WHEN night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
And Nature's self was hush'd to sleep,
When gently blew the midnight breeze,
Louisa fought the boundless deep.

On a lone beach, in wild despair,
She sat, recluse from soft repose,
Her artless sorrows rent the air,
So sad were fair Louisa's woes.

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought,
Her love, her Henry would return,
When, ah! the fatal news was brought,
The sea was made his wat'ry urn.

Sweet

Sweet maids who know the pow'r of love,
 You best can tell what she must feel,
 Who, 'gainst each adverse fortune, strove
 The tender passion to conceal.

The lovely maid, absorb'd in grief,
 While madness ran thro' ev'ry vein,
 Poor mourner ! sought from death relief,
 And frantic plung'd into the main.

The heav'ns in pity saw the deed,
 The debt the fair one paid to love,
 And bade their angel guard proceed,
 To hear Louisa's soul above.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Farmer.

CHARMING village-maid,
 If thou wilt be mine,
 In gold and pearls array'd,
 All my wealth is thine ;
 For gold is dross to me,
 Ev'n nature's beauties fade,
 If not enjoy'd with thee,
 My charming village-maid.

Had I yon shepherd's care,
 Your lambs to feed and fold,
 The dog-star's heat I'd bear,
 And winter's piercing cold :
 Or, such my lot should be,
 At harrow, flail, or spade,
 Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,
 My charming village-maid.

This

This morn, at early dawn,
I had a hedge-rose wild,
Its sweets perfum'd the lawn,
'Twas sportive nature's child!

To grace my gay parterre,
Transplanted from the glade,
Sweet emblem of my fair,
My charming village-maid.



S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the new comic opera of the
Highland Reel.*

AT dawn I rose with jocund glee,
For joyful was the day
That could this blessing give to me,
Now joy is fled away,

Jenny!

Nor flocks, nor herds, nor stores of gold,
Nor house, nor home have I;
If beauty must be bought and sold,
Alas! I cannot buy,

Jenny!

Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
So priz'd, a smile from thee;
True love alone our hearts shall bind,
Thou'rt all the world to me,

Jenny!

Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient, meek,
My lily drops a tear;
Ah! raise thy drooping head, and seek
Soft peace and comfort here,

Jenny!

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in the Farmer.

Y^E silver brooks wander
Will please each meander;
Your verdant bounds keeping,
We trace from the source:
But into streams gliding,
You're lost by dividing;
The fond willow weeping,
Ye die in your course.

My joys, thou shalt share them,
Thy griefs, let me bear them,
I'll calm the wild tumult that rise in thy breast:
Kind love his torch lighting,
Our hearts re-uniting,
A wife's pure affection shall soothe thee to rest.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in Love in a Camp.

A WAY, ye giddy, smiling throng,
Of tempting beauties, fair and young,
My heart be true—altho' my tongue
Should sing of lovely Flora.

Or should I gaze with fond desire,
Should breath of roses fan the fire,
And tho' I on a touch expire,
My soul is thine, sweet Norah.

“ The

" The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,
 " My constant soul must ever bind
 " To that dear woman left behind,
 " My kind, my tender Norah.

" But oh ! I fear each mortal part,
 " Nay e'en this true, this faithful heart,
 " Resiftless to the urchin's darr,
 " Shot by the eyes of Flora."

Illusive vapour, transient blaze,
Oh! vanish, while I wand'ring gaze,
But shine like Dian's silver rays,
My passion chaste for Norah.

Yet Hymen winks, and Venus smiles,
And passion ev'ry sense beguiles,
And Cupid, with his thousand wives,
Assists my charming Flora.

A NEW SONG.

The Junction of Bacchus and Venus.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,
And love at his shrine gay libations to pour ;
And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires,
For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires.
Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold,
My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold ;
For the sweetest of junctions, that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold,
Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold?
The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,
If good port fill your glass, and lov'd Kitty's your
toast:

And

And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
 If her sofa's encircled with wreaths from his tree;
 For the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,
 O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;
 Bliss reflected from either will send to my heart
 Ten thousand sweet joys, which they can't have apart.
 Go try it, ye smiling and gay looking throng,
 And your hearts will in unison beat to my song;
 That the sweetest of junctions that mortals can prove,
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Farmer.

GAD-a-mercy! devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me;
 Like a May-pole round me clutter,
 Hanging garlands—fuss and flutter!
 Lirting, cap'ring, grinning, smirking,
 Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking;
 Kates and Betties,
 Polls and Letties,
 All were doating, gentle creatures,
 On these features.—
 To their aprons all would pin me.

Gad-a-mercy! devil's in me,
 All the damsels wish to win me.
 Pretty damsels, ugly damsels;
 Black hair'd damsels, red hair'd damsels;
 Six feet damsels, three feet damsels;
 Pale fac'd damsels, plump fac'd damsels;
 Small leg'd damsels, thick leg'd damsels;
 Pretty

Pretty, ugly, black hair'd, red hair'd, six feet, three feet,

Pale fac'd, plump fac'd, small leg'd, thick leg'd, dainty, dowdy;

All run after me, fir, me;

For when pretty fellows we,

Pretty maids are frank and free.

For their flays taking measure

Of the ladies, oh the pleasure!

Oh, such tempting looks they gi' me!

Wishing of my heart to nim me;

Pat and cry, you devil Jemmy!

Pretty ladies, ugly ladies, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Strangers at Home.

WHEN first I began, fir, to ogle the ladies,
And soft nothings to say, as a pretty fellow's
trade is:

Whilst with rapturous praises I dwelt on each feature,
If I stole a fly kiss—'twas fye, you wicked creature;
But soon in tones lower and softer and sweeter,
Half-pleas'd they would whisper—fye, you wicked
creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,
Each evening new conquests to conquests succeeded;
Perplex'd how so many fond claims I should parry,
To settle them all I resolv'd, faith, to marry;
And press'd lovely Laura, in language still sweeter,
'Till blushing she whisper'd—I'm your's, you wicked
creature.

SONG.

S O N G.

Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

SAY, have you in the village seen
A lovely youth, of pensive mein:
If such a one has passed by,
With melancholy in his eye,
Where is he gone, oh! tell me where?
'Tis Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

Last night, he sighing took his leave,
Which caus'd me all the night to grieve;
And many a maid I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me;
But heav'n knows my heart's sincere
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he should leave me so;
But if my love should anger'd be,
And try to hide himself from me;
Then death shall bear me on a bier,
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermeer.

D U E T T.

Sung by Mr. Edwin and Mrs. Martyr, in the Farmer.

MR. EDWIN.

M dear Mem how you clack away,
King George's English hack away;
Go press your cheese,
And feed your geese,
Tuck up your duds and pack away.

MRS.

MRS. MARTYR.

Then hop my pretty pet along,
And down the dance lead Bet along,
But Rundy's flick
Your back shall lick.
You saucy monkey, get along.

MR. EDWIN.

Ma chere ami, tout autre chose,
Tho' gentlemen of bully knows,
Oh, nothing yet,
Before my Bet,
I kick a shin or pull a nose,
Your love is incompatible,
Since I am not come-at-able!
For dance we're ripe,
D'ye hear the pipe
And tabor, how rat-tat-able!

BOTH.

Your love is, &c.



DIALOGUE SONG.

Sung by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Iliff, at Vauxhall.

Written by M. P. Andrews, Esq.

MR. INCLEDON.

MADAM, I'm come a wooing,
But am never long in suing;
Should you wish to be a bride,
Soon you shall be satisfied;
I am healthy, gay and young,
And can warble all day long.

Tol de rol, &c. &c.

Throughout the year,
Your heart I'll cheer,

With fol de rol, &c.

MRS.

MRS. ILIFF.

Sir, permit me to assure you,
That I never shall endure you,
If you think the whole day long
To amuse me with a song;
Nothing is a greater bore,
Than to hear you fellows roar,

Tol de rol, &c.

Search all your life,
You'll get no wife,

By fol de rol, &c.

MR. INCLEDON.

Had you been a Cognoscenti,
Tweedledum might well content you;
All the modish world appear
Fond of nothing else, my dear—
Folks of fashion eager seek
Sixteen concerts in a week.

Tol de rol, &c.

'Tis sweet Signor,
Encore, encore,

But no fol de rol.

MRS. ILIFF.

'Tis a national disaster!
Ev'ry Miss must have her Master;
How can they prove quiet wives,
Who are squalling all their lives:
See them thump the harpsichord,
And not understand a word,

Picchi, twitchi, all foolichi.

[Imitating the Italian manner of singing.]

Good English glee
Best pleases me,

With true fol de rol.

MR.

MR. INCLEDON.

If my suit you will incline to,
 All your wishes shall be mine too,
 And each note that swells my song
 Shall be manly, clear and strong.

MRS. ILIFF. Then my heart's no longer free,
 Since 'twas form'd for harmony.

BOTH. Fol de rol, &c.

MR. INCLEDON. I take your hand,

MRS. ILIFF. I can't withstand,

BOTH. Fol de rol de rol.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

RESTRAIN'D from the sight of my dear,
 No object with pleasure I see;
 Tho' thousands around me appear,
 The world's but a desert to me.

In vain is the verdure, the verdure of May,
 The trees dress'd so blooming, so blooming and gay;
 The birds tho' they whistle, they whistle and sing,
 Delight not while Damon's away.

Reclin'd by a soft murmur'ing stream,
 I weeping disburden my care
 I tell to the rocks my fond theme
 When Echo but soothes my despair.

In vain is the verdure, &c.

Ye streams, that soft murmuring flow,
 Convey to my love every tear;
 Ye rocks, that resound with my woe,
 Repeat my complaints in his ear.

In vain is the verdure, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Comic Opera of the Farmer.

LOOK'E, dear ma'am, I'm quite the thing,
Nattibus hey! tippity ho!
In my shoe I wear a string,
Tied in a black bow, so.
Cards and dice! I've monstrous luck!
I'm no drake, yet keep a duck,
Tho' not married, yet I'm a buck.
Lantherum swash, kee vi.

I've a purse well stock'd with—brass,
Chinkity hey, tinkity ho!
I've good eyes, but cock my glass,
Stare about, squintum ho!
In two boots I boldly—walk.
Pistol, sword, I never baulk,
Meet my man, and bravely—talk,
Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes mount a smart cockade,
Puppydum hey, struttledum, ho!
From *High-park* to the Parade,
Cocky my cary kee.

As I pass a sentry box,
Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,
Each about his musquet knocks,
Rattledum flap, to me!

In the Mall, ma'am gives her card,
Cashedy me, kissady she!
Sit before the stable-yard,
Leg-orum lounge a-row!
Pretty things I softly—say
When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,
Yes, says I, and walk—away,
Pennybafs tartum, ho!

C

At

At Boulogne I liv'd a week,
 Frickasee hey! trickasee ho!
 There fine French I learnt to squeak,
 Grinnibuss skiptum ho!
 Slap French clack about, *hauteur*,
Nevette chef d'œuvre, bon douceur,
En bon point, quel tout mon cœur,
 Fiddledee foll, hee, hee!

Rotten row my Sunday ride,
 Trottedum hey, tumble off, ho!
 Poney, eighteen-pence a side,
 Windgall, glanderum, ho!
 Cricket, I fam'd Lumpey nick,
 Daddles, smouch Mendoza lick,
 Up to, ah! I'm just the kick,
 Allemande cap'rum toe!

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the Comic Opera of the
 Farmer.*

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plough-boy I whistled o'er the
 lea:

But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's
 bill,

My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill:
 When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er
 the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the
 I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in
 myself: Whatever's good for—me, sir, I never will oppose;
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my
 I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with speeches
 charm the ear,
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a
 peer,
 In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er
 the sea.

SONG.

As the Mole's silent stream crept pensively along,
 And the winds murmur'd solemn the willows
 among,
 On the green turf complaining a swain lay reclin'd,
 And wept to the river, and sigh'd to the wind.

In vain, he cry'd, Nature has waken'd the spring,
 In vain blooms the violet, the nightingales sing;
 To a heart full of sorrow no beauties appear,
 Each zephyr's a sigh, each dew-drop a tear.

In vain my Sophia has graces to move,
 The fairest to envy, the wisest to love;
 Her presence no longer gives joy to my eye,
 Since without her to live is more pain than to die.

Oh that slumber his pinions would over me spread,
 And paint but her image in dreams in her stead;
 The beautiful vision would soften my pain—
 But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain.

The wretch thus like me, his heart wounded with care,
 Is deluded by hope, and undone by despair;
 His pains ever working deny him repose,
 And the moments but vary to vary his woes.

S O N G.

*Written by Mrs. Crispigny, and sung at her Fête at
 Camberwell.*

YOU ask me, my friend, what of life's the best
 end?

And bid me the question revolve,
 But the point, you must own, is so hard to be known,
 'Twill take up some time to resolve,

When the brisk glass goes round, and our spirits
 abound,

Say what with the bottle can vie?
 Ev'ry care is at rest, and our wishes possess,
 For that all our wants will supply.

But the sportsman won't yield the delights of the field,
 When hallowing the vallies resound;
 As he flies o'er the plain, while he pants in each vein,
 He swears no such joy can be found.

When the lover hears this, he vows that all bliss
 Dwells with her who possesses his heart:
 That to live in her sight is extatic delight,
 But 'tis death's cruel pang when they part:

Then

Then in short, my dear friend, it must come to this
end,

To each of these pleasures repair—
Take the sportsman's delight, let the bottle invite,
And crown both with the charms of the fair.

SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Bowden, in the new Comic Opera of
Marian.*

TO the chace, to the chace, on the brow of the
hill

Let the hounds meet the sweet breathing morn;
Whilst full to the welkin, their notes clear and shrill,
Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn:
What musick celestial! when urging the race,
Sweet echo repeats "To the chace, to the chace!"

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the hour!

Sweet health and quick spirits attend;
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the bower,
And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.
See the stag just before us! He starts at the cry;
He stops—his strength fails—speak my friends—must
die?

His innocent aspect, whilst standing at bay,

His expression of anguish and pain,
All plead for compassion—your looks seem to say
Let him bound o'er his forests again.
Quick, release him to dart o'er the neighbouring plain,
Let him live—let him bound o'er his forests again.

SONG.
Sung by Mr. Jobstone, in the new Comic Opera of
Marian.

YE happy pairs, sincere and kind,
'Tis here you taste each joy refin'd;
Fair truth and love delight to dwell
At yonder cottage on the dell.

How dear sweet Marian's artless sighs!
Her's, the mild eloquence of eyes,
When constancy's all-cheering ray
Drives every jealous thought away,
Light as the fairy sleep at morn,
Swift passing o'er th' unbending corn;
All other pleasures weakly move,
The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears!
How blest the life which love endears!
When truth informs the glowing cheek,
O, love! thy transports who can speak?

SONG.

Sung by Mrs Billington, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

HOW can I forget the fond hour,
When Edward first offer'd his heart!
At eve, on the green, in the bower,
I trembled for fear we should part.

You left me, dear Edward, forlorn,
When night sent the shepherds to rest,
I watch'd the first streaks of the morn,
I saw you return, and was blest!

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

I CANNŌ' like yē, gentle fir,
Altho' a laird ye be;
I like a bonny Scottish lad,
Wha brought me fra' Dundee.

Haud away! haud away!
Wi' Jamie o'er the lea
I gang'd along wi' free gude will,
He's a' the world to me.

I fe gang'd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee,
To cheer the lonesome way;
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,
He's frolick as the May.

Haud away, &c.

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,
The lintwite swells her throat;
But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,
As Jamie's tunefu' note.

Haud away, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the Comic Opera of Marian.

BY the oziars so dank,
As we sat on the bank,
And look'd at the swell of the billow,
This basket he wove,
As a token of love:
Alas! 'Twas the branch of the willow.

C 4

Now

Now sad all the day
Thro' the meadows I stray,
And rest flies at night from my pillow!
The garland I wore
From my ringlets I tore,
Alas! must I wear the green willow?

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the Comic Opera of
Marian.*

WHEN little on the village-green,
We play'd, I learn'd to love her:
She seem'd to me some Fairy Queen,
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every simple childish art
I try'd each day to move her:
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flowers to deck her breast
I chose—an infant lover;
I stole the goldfinch from its nest
To give to Patty Clover.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Iliffe, at Vauxhall.

WHEN rural lads, and lasses gay,
Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,
When round the Maypole on the green,
The rustic dancers all are seen;
'Twas there young Jockey met my view,
His like before I never knew;
He pip'd so sweet, and danc'd so gay,
Alas! he can't my heart away.

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,
 He plac'd him next me on the ground,
 With harmless mirth, and pleasing jest,
 He shone more bright than all the rest.
 He talk'd of love and press'd my hand,
 Ah! who cou'd such a youth withstand?
 Well pleas'd, I heard what he cou'd say,
 Alas! he stole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,
 While rapture sparkled in his eye;
 So winning was his grace and air,
 He might the coldest heart enslave;
 But, when he ask'd me for his bride,
 I promis'd soon, and soon comply'd:
 What nymph on earth cou'd say him nay,
 Alas! he stole my heart away.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Stewart, at Vauxhall Gardens.

O BOTHWELL banks, thou bloomest fair—
 But ah! thou makest my heart despair;
 For all beneath thy holms is green,
 My love and I would sing,
 O Bothwell banks, thou bloomest fair—
 But, ah! thou mak'st my heart despair:
 Well-a-day, well-a-day, woe is me.

He left me on a dreary day,
 And sleeps beneath this sod of clay,
 Till death my tears his fate shall mourn,
 While thus his grave with flow'rs I crown.

O Bothwell banks, &c.

The trumpet all'd, my soldier flew,
 The foes of Scotland to pursue;
 He fought, he fell, by robbers slain—
 When will my bosom burst wi' pain.

O Bothwell banks, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Inledon, at Vauxhall Gardens.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—
 In midst of all these dire alarms,
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms,
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Shou'd seas overwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love!

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide;
 In varied shapes, when death appears,
 The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.

The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind—
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long lost native shore:
 No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve,
 I then with thee,
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love!

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall Gardens.

WHEN weary Sol gang'd down the west,
 And silver Cynthia rose,
 The flow'ry enamel'd bank I press,
 Where chrystal Eden flows:

Young

Young Jockey sat him by my side;
I ken'd his meaning soon—
He ask'd a kiss—I scornful cry'd,
Ah! hoot awa, ye Loon.

Dear Peggy din na flout a youth,
Nor gi' that bosom pain,
Which pants wi' honour, and wi' truth,
To take thee for its ain.
Then on his pipe he sweetly play'd
A most delightful tune;
But, na mair words to him I said
Than hoot awa, ye Loon.

He said, Mese John should us unite,
If I to kirk wad gang;
My bosom beat wi' new delight,
With him I went alang.
The bonny lad I found sincere,
Not waining like the moon;
So dear I loo him, I na mair
Will hoot awa the Loon.

S O N G.

The Summum Bonum.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

GIVE me wine, rosy wine, that foe to despair,
Whose magical power can banish all care;
Of friendship the parent, composer of strife,
The soother of sorrow, and blessing of life.
The schools about happiness warmly dispute,
And weary the sense of the phantom pursuit:
In spite of their maxims, I dare to define
The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,
And opens the lock of the miserly heart,

While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul,
O'er life's rugged highway agreeably roll,
Each thinks of his charmer, who never can cloy,
And fancy rides post to the regions of joy.
In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define
The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals ev'ry sore,
The oft'ner we taste it, we love it the more ;
Then he who true happiness seeks to attain,
With spirit the full flowing bumper must drain ;
And he who the Court of fair Venus would know,
Undaunted, thro' Bacchus's vineyard must go.
In spite of dull maxims I dare to define
The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

S O N G

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

THAT sweetly unaffected air
Proclaims you good, as you are fair,
Then Delia smile on me :
For tho' I boast not aught, 'tis true,
Except respect and love for you—
For you I'd perfect be.

Bright Sol and Venus both should join,
 Their emblematic wreaths to twine,
 With Pallas, wife and true ;
 The graces use their utmost art,
 In lessons how to charm the heart,
 And make me—just like you.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

MY mother says, I'm now sixteen,
Must dress—in the beau monde be seen,
Reply to all the vows of men,

No, no, no.

In sweetest bud there canker lies;
And in the rose sharp thorns arise;
All this she says to make me wise,

And say so.

When Henry t'other morning came,
Profess'd an honest tender flame,
And ask'd me, if the day I'd name,

I said no.

I told him, mother I'd obey,
And must reply of course with nay;
He sigh'd, then shall I far away?

I said no.

My speaking tears betray'd my love,
He said shall Hymen doubt remove,
To church, you'll not deny to rove?

I sigh'd no.

My mother now I've obey'd,
Attended well to what she said,
And will to all but him I wed,

Still say no.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Ingleton, at Vauxhall.

NO more from fair to fair I'll rove,
A convert now to love I prove,
And boast my constancy;
I pensive sigh beneath the shade,
While thus resounds the echoing glade,
Adieu ma liberté.

No more with pipe or jocund song
I now attract the list'ning throng,
With merry wanton glee;
Alone I sigh for Chloe's charms,
And musing cry with folded arms,
Adieu ma liberté.

Yet wou'd the smiling fair approve,
My fond desires, my constant love,
How happy should I be,
With jocund song each grove should ring,
With joyful heart wou'd Strephon sing,
Adieu ma liberté.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Stuart, at Vauxhall.

CUPID ! source of every joy,
Beauteous, cheerful, social boy,
Exert thy skill, thy right maintain,
And banish sorrow, banish pain.

From love the greatest blessings flow,
It forms our bliss, it soothes our woe ;

While

While jaundic'd eye and pallid frame
Mark those who bow not to the name.

The world a desert still had prov'd,
Had not the best of passions mov'd
The dormant soul: then Science smil'd,
And bliss, from chaos, turn'd the mind.

Sung by Mr. Incedan, at Vauxhall.

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
Each foster joy and ease,
To distant climes he loves to roam,
Nor dreads the boisterous seas;
His heart with hope of victory gay,
Scorns from the foe to run;
In battle terrors melt away,
As snow before the sun.
Though all the nations of the world,
Britannia's flag would lower,
Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
And dare their haughty pow'r.
But see Bellona sheathes her sword,
Hush'd is the angry main;
The cannon's roar no more is heard,
Sweet peace resumes her reign.
He hastes unto his native shores,
Where dwell sweet joy and rest,
His lovely Susan's smiles implores,
To crown, and make him blest:
Now all the toils of dangers past,
And Susan's love remains,
The honest tar is blest at last,
Her smiles reward his pains.

SONG.

S O N G.

*The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess.**Written and Sung by Mr. Collins,
at the Royalty Theatre.*

TO my muse give attention, and deem it not a
mystery,

If we jumble together, music, poetry and history,
The times to display in the reign of Queen Bess, fir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless,
fir,

Oh the golden days of good Queen Bess!
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons & Armadas,
With their gunpowder puff and their blustering bra-
vadoes;

For we knew how to manage both the musket and the
bow, fir,

And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
crow, fir,

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
thatch'd, fir,

Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd,
fir;

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or rob,
fir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job, fir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs ty'd round about the
neck fast,

Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef steaks for their
breakfast,

While

While a close quill'd-up coif their noddles jost did fir,
fir,

And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit,
fir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worsted hose,
fir,

With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
beaux, fir;

Strong beer they prefer'd too to claret or to hock, fir,

And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, fir.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef,
fir,

And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, fir,

While merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle and the
plough, fir,

And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow,
fir,

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice, at least, to
church, fir,

And never left the parson nor his sermon in the lurch,
fir;

For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
good in,

And they thought it a Sabbath-breaking, if the din'd
without a pudding.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, fir,

And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, fir,

For

For the sovereign and the subject one interest supported,

And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.

Oh the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives,
fir,

Bright examples of glory to those who survive, fir;
May we, their descendants, pursue the same ways, fir;
That King George, like Queen Bess, may have his
golden days, fir.

And may a longer reign of glory and success
Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess.

A I R.

Sung by Mr. Edwin in the Comic Romance of
the Highland Reel.

On the golden days, &c.

WHEN I've money I am merry,
When I've none I'm very sad;
When I'm sober I am civil,
When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.

With my fal lal tiddle tum,
Likewise toodle teedle tum,
Not forgetting tither ii
And also folderoodle um.

When disputing with a puppy,
I convince him with a rap;
And when romping with a girl,
By accident I—tear a cap.

With my fal lal, &c.

Godzooks!

Gadzooks! I will never marry,
 I'm a lad that's bold and free,
 Yet I love a pretty girl,
 A pretty girl is fond of me.

There's a maiden in a corner,
 Round and sound, and plump and fat,
 She and I drink tea together,
 But no matter, fir, for that

If this maiden be with bairn,
 As I do suppose she be,
 Like good pappy I must learn
 To dandle Jacky on my knee.

With my fal-lal, &c.
 Sweet Jane of Grispoly.

***** A T R *****

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the new Comic Romance of
 the Highland Reel.*

O Had I Allan Ramsay's air,
 To sing my passions tender,
 In ev'ry verse she'd read my heart,
 Such soothing strains I'd send her;
 Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
 To shew, is all a folly,
 How much I love the charming maid,
 Sweet Jane of Grispoly.

She makes me know what all desire,
 With such bewitching glances;
 Her modest air then checks my fire,
 And stops my bold advances;
 Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
 Yet by her conquer'd wholly,
 For sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
 Sweet Jane of Grispoly.

My

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
 I seem an am'rous ninny;
 A letter to a friend I write—
 For Sandy, I sign Jenny.
 Last Sunday, when from church I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cry'd, when ask'd the text to name,
 'Twas Jane of Grisipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and lowly;
 A straw for pow'r and grand estate,
 Her person I love solely.
 From ev'ry fardid, selfish view,
 So free my heart is wholly,
 And she is kind as I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

*Sung by Miss Reynolds, in the new Comic Romances of
 the Highland Reel.*

*Sung by Miss Reynolds, in the new Comic Romances of
 the Highland Reel.*

SUCH pure delight my bosom knows,
 My thanks are due to heaven and thee;
 With gratitude my heart o'erflows,
 Kind agent of it's clemency!

Humanity! thou good supreme,
 To chase the orphan's tear away;
 Alike the bright, all-cheering beam,
 Brings comfort from the god of day.

AIR.

AIR

*Sung by Miss Fontaine, in the new Comic Romance of
the Highland Reel.*

MY father's house is clean and nice,
My little garden paradise;
My chamber deck'd with trinkums fine,
The window spread with jessamine.

I have a blackbird gay,

Oh, he's a pretty fellow,

He whistles sweet and mellow,

The live-long day.

My playful kid—for handsome pets I've many,
My wanton, bounding, frisking Nanny,

Next my fav'rite cow;

Yet I love none half so well

As my Charley's gift, my dear Fidel,

My little bow-wow!

Haste, gentle lover—now for you,
Papa, kid, dog, and chick adieu!

In town I'll be, my glass can tell,
A monstrous flaming marry'd belle,

The foremost in all gamesome bouts,

At op'ras, plays, and balls and routs,

In all my plumage fine;

Around me smarts shall flatter,

About me what a clutter,

"She's all divine!"

They sing, they dance; to please me how they caper
Whilst rivals challenge, huff and vapour,

As birds all welcome here to woo;

For Charley's sake, begone cuckoo,

I ne'er create my spousy's shame,

To sing my wings around the flame.

AIR.

AIR.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard, in the new Comic Romance of
the Highland Reek.*

MASTER is a parish hector,
Overseer, tax-collector;
To encrease his private store,
Cheats the King and robs the poor;
Executor of old folks' wills,
With orphans' right his bags he fills;
And I'll have all, or if not so,
Ah, ha! Oh, oh!
I'll have his daughter, that I know;
Happy dog,
O'er sea and bog,
Smuggle Mog,
Jog,
Dog,
Jig it happy,
Mog,
Kiss a paw to pappy.

Master is a very wise man,
Bailiff, smuggler, and exciseman,
Cudgel to a poor man's back,
To the rich a supple jack,
Puts cash and beggars in the stocks,
And he's at home when Old Nick knocks.
But I'll have all, &c.

In a ship we skim like swallows,
In his wherry master follows,
At the oar he'll toil and tug,
Whilst we sit in cabin snug;
As he swears out, oh, how we laugh!
And kiss and toy, and toddy quaff.
For I'll have all, &c.

AIR.

AIR.

A I R.

*Sung by Miss Reynolds, in the new Comic Romance of
the Highland Reel.*

THE bleak wind whistles o'er the main,

The seaman trolls his jovial song,

He'll see his faithful maid again,

And blyth his tall ship rolls along;

From the mast-head the cliff he spies,

His joys in pleasing thoughts expand;

The tempest roars, the billows rise,

In vain he tacks to make the land;

Relentless breakers guard the coast,

His hope, his ship, himself, is lost!

A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new Comic Romance of
the Highland Reel.*

OLD England! great in arts and arms,

For manly worth and female charms

Renown'd has ever been:

And now the care of bounteous Heaven

Has to happy Albion given

A gracious King and Queen:

In their royal progeny, our blooming prospects smile,

The fair possess'd of ev'ry grace,

And in the generous sons we trace

The guardians of our isle.

On Cressy's plains an Edward fought,

A captive king to London brought;

'Twas there his glories shone;

Tho'

Tho' terrible in battle, he
Cou'd shew by godlike clemency,
He grac'd the wreath he won.
Whene'er ambition tempts the war, we're ready for
the field,
To find a Cressy still in France,
A royal Frederick wields the lance,
And holds Britannia's shield.

Let Fame record Eliza's days,
Her trumpet tune to songs of praise,
The grand Armada see:
The Invincible she overcame,
And Spanish pride was turn'd to shame,
By Britons great and free.
Old Neptune thus exulting, to royal William spoke,
If woman once could guard my realm,
What triumph now, when at my helm,
I place a heart of oak!
My royal heart of oak!

AIR

*Sung by Miss Fontenelle, in the new Comic Romance of
the Highland Reel.*

THOU' I am now a very little lad,
 If fighting men cannot be had,
 For want of better I may do,
 To follow the boys with a rat-tat-too;
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
 And tho' not too much of me, I'm right good stuff;
 Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
 I never was afraid to see my man.
 I'm a chickabiddy, see,
 Take me now, now, now,
 A merry little he,
 For your row-dow dowl.

Brown

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh! there's my joy,
With my knapsack at my back, like a roving boy.

In my Tartan plaid, a young soldier view,
My fillebeg and dirk, and bonnet blue,
Give the word, and I'll march where you command,
Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.

My Captain, when he takes his glass,
May like to toy with a pretty lass,
For such a one I have a roguish eye,
He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chickabiddy, fee, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,
With my great broad-sword I long to begin,
Cut, flash, ram-dam, oh! glorious fun,
For a gun, pip-pop, change my little pop-gun.
The foes shall fly, like geese in flocks,
E'n 'n Turks I'd drive, like turkey-cocks;
Wherever quarter'd I shall be,
Oh! zounds how I'll kiss my landlady.

I'm a chickabiddy, fee, &c.

D U E T.

*Sung by Mrs. Crouch and Miss Romanzini, in the new
Farce of the Doctor and the Apothecary.*

TWO maidens sat complaining,
And mourn'd their hapless loss,
(The pangs of absence paining,)
Each by her love forgot.

On every former token
Of love, while fancy hung,
Of vows so sweet, yet broken,
They deeply sighing sung.

D

At

At every sound they hear,
 With fond alarm they start;
 Alternate hope and fear
 Now joy, now pain impart.

But by each sound misguided,
 Alas! they only find,
 Their tears, their sighs derided,
 By mocking rain and wind.
 On every former token, &c.

A I R.

*Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the new Farce of the Doctor
 and the Apothecary.*

ON love's blest altar burns the flame,
 Whence Hymen's torch should kindle bright,
 To bliss which boasts fair virtue's name,
 It casts its pure and radiant light.

But ah! should avarice interpose,
 With fordid and unhallow'd fires,
 The prospect which then light bestows,
 Repentance and despair inspires.

A I R.

*Sung by Miss Romanzini, in the new Farce of the
 Doctor and the Apothecary.*

HOW mistaken is the lover,
 Who on words builds hopes of bliss,
 And fondly thinks we love discover,
 If by chance we answer, Yes.
 Prompted often by discretion,
 Is the seeming kind expression,

When

When the tongue the heart belying,
Dares not venture on denying;
But, in spite of discontent,
Gives the semblance of consent.

How mistaken, &c.

Ah! how vain is art's profession,
Tho' the fault'ring tongue comply!
What avails the cold confession,
If th' averted eyes deny!

Happier far the experienc'd swain,
Knows he triumph must attain,
When in vain successless trial,
Language gives the faint denial.



A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new Farce of the
Doctor and the Apothecary.*

SIGHING never gains a maid,
I'll tell you what is better far:—
Call good humour to your aid,
And play the lass a tune upon the sweet guitar.

If a heart has nature dealt her,
Music's charms will surely melt her;
But should the gipsy answer no,
Sing tol de rol, and let her go.

A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the new Farce of the Doctor
and the Apothecary.*

GOOD wine can, as they say,
Make e'en the gravest gay,
And gaiety is life's chief boast.
The oldest, as most grave.
A double dose should have,
Old folks like me may drink the most.

'Tis true, I think I'm in high luck,
Whene'er I hear the bottle cluck;
Yet tho' I love the precious stuff,
I always know when I've enough.

Sometimes indeed I'm told,
That when with drinking bold,
I'm apt to stagger as I walk:
But I'll believe my eyes,
Before such silly lies,
We know censorious folks will talk.

'Tis true, I think I'm in high luck, &c.

A I R.

*Sung by Miss Romanzini, in the new Farce of the
Doctor and the Apothecary.*

YE hours that part my love and me,
And slow with envy creep,
The dawn of bliss obscur'd by clouds
Of doubt, in vain ye keep.

Still

Still I thro' sorrow's tedious night
 Hope's friendly star discern;
 On that I fix my anxious eye,
 Until my love return.

By Jealousy's pernicious power
 Untainted are my sighs:
 Confiding in my Juan's truth,
 My fondest wishes rise.
 Still I thro' sorrow's tedious night, &c.



A I R.

*Sung by Mr. Kelly, in the new Farce of the Doctor
 and the Apothecary.*

BACCHUS now his nap is taking,
 But his power can ne'er subdue
 Watchful Love, who, ever waking,
 Bids the sleeping sot adieu.

Bacchus should, on Venus waiting,
 Hold the cup with bended knee:
 None but fools, his worth o'er-rating,
 With the servant make too free.



A I R.

*Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the new Farce of the Doctor
 and the Apothecary.*

THE summer heats bestowing
 Their influence on the rose,
 Perfect its charms when blowing,
 And every sweet disclose:

Yet summer suns denying
 The zephyr and the shower,
 Their fervid glow applying,
 Destroy their fav'rite flower.

The love-sick heart requiring
 The sunshine of success,
 Continual bliss desiring,
 Yet sickens with excess.
 The fond, the secret tear,
 Soft passion keeps alive:
 The breath of doubt and fear,
 Like zephyrs, make it thrive.

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Moss, in the new Pantomime Entertainment
 of the Gnome.*

THE ladies cannot but approve
 The kind affection of my love;
 Tho' I decry the frippery,
 And Ton the fashion oft doth move:
 In days of old my granny told
 How drest was every lad and lass,
 And you shall know before I go,
 Oh! what a beau my granny was.

C H O R U S.

Then hey for fun, girls hither run!
 My granny was a wonder O.

My granny had but her own hair,
 Which she in comely mode did wear;
 But now with wool each loads her skull,
 And frizzles it to make you stare.
 With feathers high, as if to fly,

Each.

Each fair in charms would fain surpass;
But 'twas not so, long time ago,
When a great beau my granny was!

Then hey, &c.

My granny was both fair and plump,
And like a squirrel she could jump;
With coral lips, and natural hips,
But now the girls wear all cork rumps.
The plaited ruff look'd well enough,
Now pigeon-craws they wear, alas!
Stuck out before, like the breast of a boar
Oh, what a beau my granny was!

Then hey, &c.

S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new Pantomime Enter-
tainment of the Gnome.*

WHAT should sailors do on shore,
Kiss the girls, and toss the cann;
When the cannons cease to roar,
Sweet the voice of smiling Nan.
Love the boatswain's whistle blows,
Pipes, all hands to pleasure, boys!
Round the joyous bumper flows,
Beauty then completes our joys.

What should sailors, &c.

Bring me first a spacious bowl,
Deeper than can plummet sound;
Give me next a generous soul,
That in loving knows no bound!
Flowing ever let it be,
If the tide good liquor prove!
Thus, my hearts, let's keep the sea,
Sailing with the girls we love!

What should sailors, &c.

Nancy is my true love's name,
And, to compliment my dear,
Bonny ship, secure thy fame,
You the darling title bear.
Rough the ocean, rude the wind,
But, when honour'd by my lass,
One shall be as zephyrs kind,
T'other, smooth as looking glass.

What should sailors, &c.

To guard, and bless my fav'rite realm,
Smiling, thus old Neptune spoke—
“ I place my William at the helm,
“ Royal Will is heart of oak !”
Whether moor'd, or on a cruise,
Sailors still, in peace or war,
Poise the linstock, brim the booze,
Sing—“ Long live our Royal Tar.”

What should sailors, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Moss, in the new Pantomime Entertainment of the Gnome.

MAKE room for a jolly stone-eater,
For stones of all kinds I can craunch;
A nice bit of marble is sweeter
To me, than a turbot or haunch.
A street that's well pav'd is my larder,
A stone you will say is hard meat;
But, neighbours, I think it much harder,
When I can get nothing to eat.

With my crackledy smash, ha! ha!
And a jolly stone-eater am I.

London-

London-bridge shall just serve for my luncheon,
 Don't fear—I won't make it a job;
 The Monument next I shall munch on,
 For fear it should fall on my nob.
 Ye Strand folks, as I am a sinner,
 Two nuisances I will eat up;
 Temple-bar will make me a good dinner,
 Because on Saint Clement's I'll sup.

With my, &c.

I think, if my mind does not alter,
 The Spaniards some trouble I'll save;
 I'll eat up the rock of Gibraltar—
 And still, if my stomach should crave,
 I'll eat up Pitt's diamond at Paris;
 I'm told 'tis the rarest of stones;
 If Monsieur inclin'd then for war is,
 At Cherbourg, I'll eat up the cones.

With my, &c.

The ostrich, sir, I can beat hollow,
 Tho' smartly he gobbles horse shoes;
 For cut out in stone, oh! I'll swallow
 An ostrich for Michaelmas goose.
 Tho' with stones I come here to be treated;
 Whilst liberty Britons enjoy,
 May the rock, where the goddess is seated,
 No stone-eater ever destroy!

With my crackledy smash ha! ha!
 And a jolly stone eater am I,
 And a jolly stone eater he'll be,
 And a jolly stone eater is he!

S O N G.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Positive Man.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forc'd from her to go,
 Adown her cheeks ran many a tear—
 My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood,
 The land we left behind—
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood—
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.

That time I sail'd the world all round,
 All for my true love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound—
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore—
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away ?
 And is he gone ? she cried :
 My Polly, sweetest flow'r of May—
 She languish'd, droop'd, and died.



S O N G.

Sequel to " Sweet Poll of Plymouth."

WHEN Edward first heard Poll of Plymouth
 was dead,
 The functions of life made a pause,
 His piteous eyes stood aghast in his head—
 His shipmates enquired the cause;
 Reviving a while, he address'd them all round,
 His hand closely press'd to his heart,
 Within this sad letter at once have I found
 The spectre of death and his dart.

It tells me my dear Poll of Plymouth is dead,
 My comfort, my joy, and my wife;
 When I was torn from her she flew to her bed,
 And sighing resign'd her dear life.
 He fancy'd he saw his dear Poll in the clouds,
 Ah! stay for poor Edward, he cries,
 And swift as his fancy he ran up the shrouds,
 While eagerness flash'd in his eyes.

He call'd for all hands, and he gave a loud shriek,
 And now quite distracted he raves,
 Says, do not you see that my heart sprang a leak,
 Then threw himself into the waves.
 All hands were employ'd to prevent his sad fate,
 The long-boat was haul'd out in vain,
 They drag'd him on board, but 'alas! 'twas too late,
 For he never once breathed again.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Inkle and Yarico.

A VOYAGE o'er seas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known but on which side to butter my
bread.

Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die;
I've sail'd like a booby, come here in a squall,
Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!

Oho! I'm a terrible booby!

Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London what gay chop-house signs in the street!
But the only sign here is of nothing to eat.

Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!

My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf,
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself;

Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!

Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull,
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.

Heigho! that I for hunger should die!

But grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,

For, my bacon I fancy I never shall save;

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!

I can't save my bacon, not I!

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Inkle and Yarico.

A Clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.

I march'd

I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls all cry'd, He's quite the kick!
Oh Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey, for America I sail,
Yankee doodle deedle;
The sailor boys cry'd, Smoke his tail!
Jemmy linkum feedle.
On English belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
And got a foreign fair, quite black,
Oh twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
Boast their pouting under-lip,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle:
My Wows would beat a hundred fuch,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose upper lip pouts twice as much,
Pretty double wheedle!

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose,
Waving fiddle feedle.
With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
Who'd steal my bone of bone-a?
A white Othello I can trust
A dingy Desdemona.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in Inkle and Yarico.

WHAT citadel so proud can say,
 No force shall move, no foe molest?
 E'en prudence' furly guard gives way,
 When warmer passions storm the breast.
 Vainly I said, in calmer hour,
 What shock can steady Caution know?
 Alas! I felt not then the power
 Of Gratitude and Yarico.

The hoary precept, cold and flow,
 A while it's influence may impart,
 But Passion beaming, melts the snow,
 Which Caution scatters on the heart.
 Tho' long in frozen maxims arm'd,
 At length I felt my bosom glow,
 Dissolv'd in tenderness, when warm'd
 With Gratitude and Yarico.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in Inkle and Yarico.

S Implicity! thou fav'rite child
 Of heav'nly Nature, chaste and mild;
 Sweet guard of playful youth:
 Thy nakedness is thy defence,
 Thy silent gesture eloquence;
 Thy eloquence is Truth.

Ah! say then, who could injure thee,
 Nature's lov'd babe—Simplicity?
 So sweet, so chaste, so mild:
 The worst of wretches, who has not
 Thy parent's traces long forgot,
 Could never hurt it's child.

SONG.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bannister, in Inkle and Yarico.

FRESHLY now the breeze is blowing,
As yon ship at anchor rides,
Sullen waves incessant flowing,
Rudely dash against the sides.

So my heart, its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast;
Doubts like waves, by waves succeeded,
Rise, and still deny it rest.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bannister, in Inkle and Yarico.

MARS would oft, his conquests over,
To the Cyprian goddess yield;
Venus gloried in a lover,
Who, like him, could brave the field.

In the cause of battles hearty,
Still the god would strive to prove,
He who fac'd an adverse party
Fittest was to meet his love.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,
Hear the God of War declare,
Cowards never can pass muster,
Courage only wins the fair.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Farster, in Inkle and Yarico.

THIS maxim let ev'ry one hear
 Proclaim'd from the north to the south,
 Whatever comes in at your ear
 Should never run out at your mouth.
 We servants, like servants of state,
 Should listen to all, and be dumb;
 Let others harangue and debate,
 We look wise, shake our heads, and are mum.

The judge in full dignity drest,
 In silence hears barristers preach,
 And then, to prove silence is best,
 He'll get up and give them a speech.
 By saying but little, the maid
 Will keep her swain under her thumb;
 And the lover that's true to his trade
 Is certain to kiss and cry mum.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Davies, in Inkle and Yarico.

WHY should I vain fears discover,
 Prove a dying, fighting swain?
 Why turn shilly-shally lover,
 Only to prolong my pain.

When we woo the dear enslaver,
 Boldly ask and she will grant:
 How should we obtain a favour,
 But by telling what we want?

Should

Should the nymph be found complying,
 Nearly when the battle's won;
 Parents think 'tis vain denying,
 When half our work is fairly done.



S O N G.

Sung by Miss George, in Inkle and Yarico.

WHITE man, never go away;
 Tell me, why need you?
 Stay, stay—with your Wowky stay;
 Wowky will feed you.
 Cold moons are coming in,
 Ah, don't grieve me!
 I'll wrap you in a leopard's skin;
 White man, don't leave me.

And when all the sky is blue,
 Sun makes warm weather;
 I'll catch you a cockatoo,
 Dress you in feather.
 When cold comes, or when 'tis hot,
 Ah, don't grieve me!
 Poor Wowsky will be forgot,
 White man, don't leave me.



S O N G.

Sung by Miss George, in Inkle and Yarico.

REMEMBER when we walk'd alone,
 And heard so gruff the lion growl,
 And when the moon so bright it shone,
 We saw the wolf look up and howl;

I led

Tled you well, safe to our cell :
 While tremblingly
 You said to me,
 And kifs'd so sweet—dear Wowsky tell,
 How could I live without ye ?

But now you come acrofs the sea,
 And tell me here no monsters roar ;
 You'll walk alone, and leave poor me,
 When wolves to fright you howl no more.
 But ah! think well on our old cell,
 Where tremblingly
 You kifs'd poor me,
 Perhaps you'll say—dear Wowsky tell,
 How can I live without ye ?



D U E T.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Kemble, in Inkle
 and Yarico.*

Mr. Bannister.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
 Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean ?
 When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind
 you,
 To figh with regret for the grot left behind you ?

Mrs. Kemble.

Ah no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
 Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover !
 The winds which blow round us, your arms for my
 pillow,
 Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each
 billow.

O fay

Both.

O say then, my true love, we never will funder,
 Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thun-
 der;
 Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
 And journey all over the world both together.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kemble, in Inkle and Yarico.

O UR grotto was the sweetest place!
 The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,
 Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
 Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing,
 'Tis there we met, and gaz'd our fill;
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,
 Fear to an Indian maid a stranger;
 The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
 For him did cares my bosom fill;
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kemble, in Inkle and Yarico.

W HEN the chace of day is done,
 And the shaggy lion's skin,
 Which for us our warriors win,
 Decks our cell at setting sun,
 Worn with toil, with sleep oppress,
 I press my mossy bed, and sink to rest.

Then,

Then, once more I see our train,
With all our chace renew'd again :

Once more 'tis day, once more our prey
Gnashes his angry teeth, and foams in vain.
Again, in sudden haste, he flies,
Ta'en in the toil, again he lies,
Again he roars, and in my slumbers dies.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Meadows, in Inkle and Yarico.

THE Achilles, tho' christen'd, good ship, 'tis
surmis'd,
From that old man of war, great Achilles, so priz'd,
Was he, like our vessel, pray, fairly baptiz'd?
Ti tol lol, &c.

Poets sung *that* Achilles—if, now, they've an itch
To sing *this*, future ages may know which is which;
And that one rode in Greece—and the other in Pitch.
Ti tol lol, &c.

What tho' but a merchant ship—sure our supplies;
Now your men of war's gain in a lottery lies,
And how blank they all look, when they can't get a
prize!
Ti tol lol, &c.

What are all their fine names, when no rhino's be-
hind?
The Intrepid and Lion look sheepish, you'll find:
Whilst, alas! the poor Æolus can't raise the wind!
Ti tol lol, &c.

Then the Thunderer's dumb; out of tune the Or-
pheus;
The Ceres has nothing at all to produce;
And the Eagle, I warrant you, looks like a goose.
Ti tol lol, &c.

But

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't maul,
Nor are paid, like fine king's ships, to fight at a call,
Why we pay ourselves well, without fighting all.

Ti tol lol, &c.

S O N G.

In Inkle and Yarico—omitted in the Performance.

O GIVE me your plain-dealing fellows,
Who never from honesty shrink ;
Not thinking on all they should tell us,
But telling us all that they think.

Truth from man flows like wine from a bottle,
His free-spoken heart's a full cup ;
But when truth sticks half way in the throttle,
Man's worse than a bottle cork'd up.

Complaisance is a ginger-bread creature,
Us'd for shew, like a watch, by each spark ;
But truth is golden repeater,
That sets a man right in the dark.

S O N G.

Hark! Echo! Sweet Echo!

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall Gardens.

HARK! Echo! sweet Echo repeats the loud
strain,
The shouting and hooting of chaste Dian's train ;
Aurora smiles sweetly, and comes on apace,
The hounds and the horn call us forth to the chase.

Blind

Blind Cupid is banish'd from these happy fields,
 His quiver to Dian the wanton now yields;
 She blunts all his arrows, his power destroys,
 While the virgins all follow her innocent joys.

S O N G.

Isidore.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

AS penfive on the Severn's fide,
 Cleora soon to be a bride,
 Soft sighing to the breeze was laid;
 Was ever so forlorn a maid?
 Yet all you from her plaint could learn,
 Was, when will Isidore return?

My Isidore, ah! when will Isidore return?

The panting swain her plainings heard,
 And instant at her feet appear'd;
 But mark the coy dissembling fair,
 And learn of virgins to beware;
 At once she slyly chang'd her tune,
 To Isidore returns too soon.

My Isidore, ah! Isidore returns too soon.

Entranc'd he snatch'd a glowing kiss,
 Ambrosial antepast of bliss;
 The bashful damsel hung her head,
 And thus with fault'ring lips she said,
 With lips that far belid her heart,
 My Isidore again depart.

My Isidore, ah! Isidore, again depart.

Regardless of her fancied fears,
 For joy as well as grief has tears;

The youth, all eager to be blest,
 Next dawn decoy'd her to the priest;
 And if you now her note would know,
 'Tis Isidore no more shall go.

My Isidore, ah! Isidore no more shall go.

S O N G.

Let Him tell His Meaning.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

AMONG the swains that trip the plains,
 My Johnny is most smart;
 He sings so sweet, and looks so neat,
 I fear he's won my heart:
 Beneath a shade, I once was laid,
 And he was over leaning
 He heav'd a sigh, I can't tell why,
 I wish I knew his meaning.

My tender lambs and bleating dams,
 When o'er the lawn I trace;
 With pleasing air he still is near,
 And gazes on my face:
 When hounds and horns awake the morn,
 He finds me then a gleaning,
 Then tells a tale which might prevail,
 If once I knew his meaning.

If once inclin'd to tell his mind,
 If wedlock is his plan;
 Then void of strife I'll prove a wife,
 And do the best I can;
 I ne'er will vex, or him perplex,
 Or wicked things be seen in;
 For he shall prove how much I love—
 But let him tell his meaning.

SONG.



S O N G.

Take Me, some of You.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd.
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign:
Take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to fib, and how betray;
E'er I can my thoughts disguise,
Force a blush, or roll my eyes;
Take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth:
Of honest mind, and noble mein,
I should long to be sixteen:
Take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true.



S O N G.

Tantivy, Hark Forward.

Sung by Mrs. Iliffe, at Vauxhall.

NO pastime, no sport can with hunting compare,
Let each lad and each lass to the field then re-
pair;
While health, rosy health with delight shall keep pace,
And prove there's no joys like the joys of the chase:
When

When the horn's sprightly notes call the huntsman
away,

Tantivy, tantivy, hark forward, huzza, huzza.

Let fashion and scandal, and cards share the time,
Of your fine London ladies who murder their prime;
Give me the delights that enliven this place,
While echo, re-echo'd, gives joy to the chace.

Hark forward, tantivy, huzza.

O'er mountain, o'er valley, with speed haste away,
No longer our innocent pastime delay;
Aurora to welcome with bright ruddy face,
Let echo, re-echo'd, give joy to the chace.

Hark forward, tantivy, huzza.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mr. Inckledon, at Vauxhall.

TILL lovely Delia first I knew,
My heart was free from pain;
Cheerful the hours successive flew,
And care attack'd in vain.

But sad reverse of late I've prov'd,
No joy, no rest have known,
With leaden wings the time has mov'd,
Whilst I have pensive grown.

Oh! like the powers that form'd you fair,
Relieve a wretched youth,
Who ev'ry good with you would share,
Who'd die to prove his truth.

S O N G.

*Why that is Nought to You.**Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Colin met me yester eve,
 Where pinks and vi'lets blow,
 And told me, what you'll scarce believe,
 I'm sure you'll laugh to know:
 He said, he'd heard some other swain
 Would wed me—was it true?
 Why yes, says I, in answer plain,
 But that is nought to you.

I thought the shepherd had gone mad,
 He rav'd, and look'd so wild;
 In truth, I really lov'd the lad,
 And all the while beguil'd:
 And when he press'd me to his breast,
 And shew'd the church in view,
 My silly tongue in vain express'd,
 Why that is nought to you.

The artful Colin guess'd the cause,
 And led me to the fane,
 That ty'd us, by its nuptial laws,
 Ne'er to untie again.
 And oh! my cheeks were blushing red,
 As night the later grew:
 'Till Hymen whispering, kindly said,
 Why that is nought to you.

SONG.

*Vive la Bagatelle.**Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Lady of the Manor.*

IN vain the grave and wise,
 The thoughtful and the sage,
 Would teach us to despise
 The joys that suit our age.
 Youth's the season to be gay,
 Then smile each beau and belle,
 To joy we'll give the day,
 Ah!—Vive la bagatelle.

The laughing hours invite,
 To sport while young and gay,
 With love and soft delight,
 Our minutes pass away;
 Old age and care, they say,
 O'er take each beau and belle,
 Who'd meet such foes half way?
 Ah!—Vive la bagatelle.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Meadows, at Sadler's Wells.

TILL first I lovely Nancy knew,
 From fair to fair I'd rove;
 I sigh'd and flatter'd—prov'd untrue,
 A stranger then to love.

In ev'ry shape, in ev'ry face,
 New beauties did I see;
 Perfection I could never trace,
 Till I first look'd on thee.

In thee I ev'ry beauty find,
Far more than Nature told—
A Venus' face, Minerva's mind,
The Graces all behold!

Till now I ne'er a passion knew,
My follies to reprove:—
As to the pole the needle's true,
Thy Henry now will love.

S O N G.

The Nosegay.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

NOSEGAYS I cry, and tho' little you pay,
They're such as you cannot get every day.
Who'll buy, who'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.
Who'll buy, who'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.

Each mincing, ambling, lisping blade,
Who smirks, and talks of blisses
He never felt, is here pourtray'd,
In form of a Narcissus.

Nosegays, &c.

Of formal prudes, at men who leer,
And shun them as things dangerous,
I have the several portraits here,
In these Noli-me-tangeres.

Nosegays, &c.

Statesmen, like Indians, who adore
The sun, by courting power,
Cannot be shewn their likeness more,
Than in the humble sun-flower.

Nosegays, &c.

Poets.

Poets I've here in sprigs of bays,
 Devils in the bush are friars;
 Nettles are critics, who damn plays,
 Satirists are briars.

Nosegays, &c.

Smarts daisies are, parsons are yew,
 And rosemary physicians;
 Tulips are coxcombs, lawyers rue,
 And thistles politicians.

Nosegays, &c.

S O N G.

The Mansion of Peace.

Sung by Mr. Harrison, at the Queen's Concert.

RECITATIVE.

SOFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing,
 Thy gentlest breezes hither bring:
 Her slumbers guard, some hand divine;
 Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A rose from her bosom has stray'd,
 I'll seek to replace it with art;
 But no—'twill her slumbers invade,
 I'll wear it, fond youth, next my heart.

Alas! silly rose, hadst thou known,
 'Twas Daphne that gave thee that place,
 Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown:
 Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

S O N G.

Sung by Signora Sestini, in the Maid of the Mill.

THE fields were gay, and sweet the hay,
 The gypsies sat upon the grass;
 Both lad and lass by you were fed,
 'Twas all to cheat poor silly lass,
 Whene'er we meet, with kisses sweet,
 The speeches soft you did impart;
 The hawthorn bush should make you blush,
 'Twas there you did betray my heart.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Leoni, at the Royalty Theatre.

WAS there ever a spark
 So confounded as I;
 How I blush in the dark,
 And I cannot tell why.
 Tho' my life were at stake,
 I for ever am shy,
 Now unable to speak,
 And I cannot tell why.
 Day or night it's the same,
 I am ready to die—
 Love's the cause of my shame,
 And I cannot tell why.
 There are lovers I know,
 Who all dangers defy;
 But I blush even so,
 And I cannot tell why.

* It is a ludicrous dark scene in the piece from whence this song is taken.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Jobannot.

I'VE known what 'tis to face a foe,
Where death has laid his hundreds low,
What 'tis fatigue to undergo,
That might appall our nature :
Yet never was a truth more clear,
That man in danger's least in fear,
Whose heart can shed a generous-tear,
'T' relieve a fellow creature.-

I've seen stout hearts, of whom one wave
Has in a moment made a grave,
Whose lives not all the world could save ;
Then things affect our nature :
But not so much as when the heart,
Some ray of comfort to impart,
Swells up a generous tear to start,
'T' relieve a fellow creature.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in The New Peerage.

FROM the light down that mocks the gale,
The linnet culls his stores ;
From each wild flower that scents the vale,
The bee a balm explores.

With nature's truest sense endu'd,
And conscious of alloy,
In every gift they find a good,
And every good enjoy.

Feeling's vain child, alone assign'd
To doubtful, wav'ring power,
With sighs can chill the summer's wind,
With tears can blight the flower.

It's only dang'rous gift, ah! why
Did heaven to man impart;
And bid each treach'rous sense supply
A venom for his heart.

S O N G.

The new Four and Twenty Fiddlers.

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all on a row,
Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row;

There was fiddle faddle, and ummi dimme double
damme demi semi quibble down below;—'Tis
my lady's holiday, therefore we'll be merry.

Four and twenty harpsichords all on a row;

There was flow time, quick time, common and
triple time, in concord, unison and discord,
with fiddle faddle, &c.

Four and twenty ladies all on a row;

There was tittle tattle, prittle prattle, do you take
in the World? No, I take in the Public; with
flow time, &c.

Four and twenty washerwomen all on a row;

Up to their elbows in suds, with prittle prattle,
tittle tattle, taking in the World and the Pub-
lic, with flow time, &c.

Four

Four and twenty parliament men all on a row ;

There was majority and minority, in argument
and reason, without any treason, up to their el-
bows in fuds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all on a row ;

There was deed of conveyance with a settlement in
tail, with majority and minority, up to their
elbows in fuds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty old maids all on a row ;

There was Oh ! I hate all male creatures, with
their deeds of conveyance and settlements in
tail, &c.

Four and twenty-box-lobby loungers all on a row ;

There was in at half price in whole boots, a dis-
grace to all male creatures, with their deeds of
conveyance, &c.

Four and twenty auctioneers all on a row ;

There was who bids more?—a very pretty lot, just
a going, in at half price with whole boots, a dis-
grace to, &c.

Four and twenty committee-men all on a row ;

There was impeachment of East India governors,
charges of high crimes and misdemeanors, who
bids more?—a pretty lot, just a going, in at half
price with whole boots, a disgrace, &c.

Four and twenty Lingo's all on a row ;

There was Moses, Homer, Judas and Wat Tyler,
with charges of high treason and misdemeanors,
who bids more?—a pretty lot, just a going, in
at half price with whole boots, a disgrace to all
male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance
and settlements in tail, majority and minority,

arguments and reason without any treason, tittle tattle, prittle prattle, up to their elbows in fuds, taking in the World and the Public by slow time, quick time, in concord, unison and discord, with fiddle faddle, &c.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—"The topsails shiver."

WHEN first I view'd the spreading sails
And main-mast rigg'd so new,
A prize, a prize—blow, blow, ye gales,
And bring me quickly to:

But sure the devil rul'd the wind,
And Fortune also was unkind.

Now, neither Bet nor black-ey'd Lid
Will give one friendly cheer—
What ship—yo yea—you've miss'd a point—
Shove off—no Lydia's here :

For well the wanton devils knew,
My heart and soul were moor'd with you.

Then, lovely girl, a kind reply
Return when thee I hail ;
For thee alone my colours fly,
For thee I sink or sail.

Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE silver rain, the pearly dew,
The gales that sweep along the mead,
The soften'd rocks once sorrow knew,
And marble has found tears to shed:

The sighing trees, in ev'ry grove,
Have pity, if they have not love.

Shall things inanimate be kind,
And ev'ry soft sensation know;
The weeping rain, the sighing wind,
All, all but you, some mercy show?—

Ah! pity, if you scorn t'approve,
Have pity, if you have not love.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. Jennings.

WOMAN! thoughtless, giddy creature,
Laughing, idle, fluttering thing;
Most fantastic work of nature,
Still like fancy on wing.

Slave to every changing passion,
Loving, hating, in th' extreme;
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.

Lovely trifle, dear illusion,
Conquering weakness, wish'd for pain;
Man's chief glory and confusion,
Of all vanities most vain!

Thus deriding beauty's power,
 Florio call'd it all a cheat;
 But, in less than half an hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at Delia's feet.



S O N G.

Mary of the Dale.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, at Ranelagh.

'TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
 When evening steals upon the sky,
 When lovers seek the silent bow'r,
 Young William taught the grove to sigh:
 His heav'nly form and beauteous air
 Were like the flow'ry vale,
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love
 Of Mary of the Dale.

When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,
 Oppress'd with grief he'd often stray,
 O'er rising hill and fertile lawn,
 To sigh and weep his cares away:
 Tho' he had charms to win each fair,
 That dwells within the vale,
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love
 Of Mary of the Dale.

The merry dance, the cheerful song,
 Could now no more a charm impart,
 No more his hours glide smooth along,
 For grief lay heavy at his heart:
 His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 Was like the primrose pale,
 Sighing he died, and all for love
 Of Mary of the Dale.

SONG.

S O N G.

I am not Twenty.

Sung by Miss Newman, at Vauxhall.

AS thro' the grove, the other day,
I gang'd so blithe and bonny;
Who should I meet upon the way,
But my true lover Johnny;
With eager haste
He clasp'd my waist,
And gave me kisses plenty;
Tho' I deny'd,
And thus reply'd,
Dear lad—I am not twenty.

What's that to me, the shepherd cry'd,
You're old enough to marry;
Then come, sweet lass, and be my bride,
No longer let us tarry;
But let's begone
O'er yonder lawn,
Where lads and lasses plenty
Are fill'd with joy,
And kifs and toy,
Altho' they are not twenty.

I listen'd to his soothing tale,
And gang'd wi' him so rarely;
With song and pipe he did prevail,
He won my wishes fairly:
Oh! he's the lad
That makes me glad
With kisses sweet in plenty:
So I declare,
By all that's fair,
I'll wed, tho' not quite twenty.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Rosy Fair.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Freemasons Hall.

ARISE, my rosy nymph of May,
And with your Colin early stray,
To taste the new-morn air;
The lark his tuneful notes hath rung,
To hail you with a bridal song,
Then rise, my Rosy Fair.

Twelve moons are past this May-day morn,
Since you, beneath the white blown thorn,
Avow'd to me, I swear,
That this same hour you'd kindly yield;
By ev'ry flow'r that decks the field,
You vow'd, my Rosy Fair.

No longer then such blifs deny,
But with your Colin's suit comply,
That he may ever wear
That gentle, kind and wish'd-for chain,
Which is to bind your faithful swain,
My charming Rosy Fair.

The nymph she hasten'd to her love,
With joy he led her to the grove,
And fragrant was the air;
The linnets tuneful perch'd the spray,
And warbled forth their dulcet lay,
To hail the Rosy Fair.

Then soon they join'd the rural train,
In sportive dance they tripp'd the plain,
To Hymen's temple, where

The

The golden chain's connubial band
To Colin bound the lilly hand
Of his sweet Rosy Fair.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

BY moon-light, on the green,
Where lads and lasses stray,
How sweet the blossom'd bean!
How sweet the new-made hay!
But not to me so sweet
The blossoms on the thorn,
As when my lad I meet,
More fresh than May-day morn.
Give me the lad sae blithe and gay,
Give me the Tartan plaiddy;
For, spite of all the wise can say,
I'll wed my Highland laddie,
My bonny Highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,
His een are bonny blue,
Like rose-bud sweet his mou',
When wet with morning dew.
Young Willy's rich and great,
And fain would ca' me his,
But what is pride or state,
Without love's smiling bliss?

Give me the lad, &c.
When first he talk'd of love,
He look'd sae blithe and gay,
His flame I did approve,
And could na' say him nay.

Then

Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth,
 Reward a love sae chaste,
 And wed the constant youth.

Give me the lad, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

HARK, hark, from the woodlands the loud swelling horn
 Invites to the sports of the chace,
 How ruddy, how bright, and how chearful the morn,
 How healthy and blooming each face.

To the grove with Diana, I'll hasten away,
 Nor lose the delights of the morn,
 The hounds are all out hark, hark forward, away,
 While echo replies to the horn.

Gay health still attends thro' the sports of the field,
 O'er mountain and valley we go;
 The joy of the chace, health and pleasure can yield,
 No wishes beyond it we know.

To the grove, &c.

Our innocent pastimes each virgin may share,
 And the censure of envy defy,
 While Cupid soon follow'd by grief and despair,
 The blessing of youth would destroy.

To the grove, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

My Heavy Heart.

Sung by Miss Berles, at Vauxhall.

BLOW or, ye winds, descend soft rain,
To soothe my tender grief,
Your solemn music lulls my pain,
And yields a short relief.

O my heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as t'would burst in twain;
No tongue can e'er describe the smart,
Nor I conceal its pain.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes,
And in dark shades I pass the day,
Where echo sleeping lies.

O my heart, &c.

The strongest passion of the mind,
The greatest bliss we know,
Arises from successful love,
If not the greatest woe.

O my heart, &c.

S O N G.

Lovely Anna.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, at Ranelagh.

WHEN lovely Anna first I view'd,
Amid the num'rous throng;
Fearful my heart should be subdu'd,
I thus address'd my song—

Sweet

Sweet Son of Beauty, now forbear
Thy bow to bend in vain ;
Not once enchain'd to all that's dear,
My freedom I'll maintain.

With scornful look, the youth reply'd,
Can nought those charms inspire ?
To such the Gods would be ally'd,
Perfection all admire.
He straight let fly an arrow keen,
A chasm wide was op'd ;
Soft pleasure flow'd, I view'd her mein,
To gain her, all I hop'd.



S O N G.

The Dying Rose.

Sung by Mr. Wilson, at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

THE balmy Zephyrs breath'd their store,
And wav'd the gentle breeze ;
The busy day of toil was o'er,
And Nature sought for ease.

AIR.

'Twas near a daisy-sprinkled mead,
A blushing rose I found,
Wasting its odours in the air,
Its sweetness on the ground.

Sweet flow'r ! I cry'd, how short thy bloom !
And snatch'd it to my breast :
Here may'st thou shed thy last perfume,
And find eternal rest.

Yet

Yet no—to Delia's bosom steal,
Who boasts her youthful prime,
And tell her plainly, that her charms
Too soon must fade, like thine.

Then on her bosom breathe thy last,
While I thy fate deplore!
And mark with sorrow at thy doom,
That thou shalt bloom no more.

S O N G.

Sung in the Strangers at Home.

THO' I can't walk quite straight,
And in figures of eight,
Still circling my legs do their duty;
You'll always observe,
That a regular curve
Is reckon'd the line of true beauty.

Of Orpheus they tell,
(He who fiddled so well)
That his notes made hills, rocks and trees caper;
So can I in my way,
When a solo I play,
Make them dance full as well as that scraper.

Tho' at first on a survey,
Things seem topsy-turvy,
When you're us'd to't, they don't look so frightful;
Still they move more or less,
And good judges confess,
Moving prospects are always delightful.

The world's circular motion
Is sure no false notion;
For, tho' sober I ne'er could believe it,
Truth in wine, boys, is found!
Now I see it turns round;
He that's drunk can most plainly perceive it.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

THE meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly
sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of Spring:
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah must mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms:
Tho' sattins and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

S O N G.

*The Bud of the Rose.**Sung in Rosina.*

HER mouth with a smile
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.
More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r-scented heath,
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Double Disguise.

WHEN Beauty's smiling Queen alone
Prepares the filken chain of Love,
The slave not long Love's pow'r shall own;
For time will Beauty's charm remove.

But when Minerva lends her aid,
With mystic charms each link is join'd;
Tho' light as rosy wreaths they're made,
Enslav'd for life they hold mankind.

A N E W S O N G.

Je Vous Adore.

Tune—"Ma Chere Amie."

JE Vous Adore—enchancing maid,
In nature's innocence array'd
With ev'ry grace, devoid of art,
You please the fancy, win the heart.

Je vous adore.

'Twas in the early days of youth,
When blushing nature owns the truth,
Your lovely form and lovelier mind,
Engag'd my heart in love refin'd.

Je vous adore.

O, best of passions—source of peace!
Thy warm emotions lead to bliss;
Unhappy mind—that never knew
Thy pleasing pangs and pleasures true.

Je vous adore:

Remember

Remember then—O lovely maid,
The vows our former friendship made,
And let our riper years approve,
The tokens of so pure a love.

Je vous adore.

S O N G.

Edwin and Ella.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

SEE beneath yon bow'r of roses,
Sweetly sleeps the heav'nly maid,
'Tis my gentle love reposes,
Softly tread the sacred shade.

Mark the loves that play around her,
Mark my Ella's graceful mein,
See the wood nymphs all surround her,
Hailing Ella beauty's queen.

Flutt'ring Cupids round descending,
Soft expand their filken wings;
From the zephyr's breath defending,
Ev'ry sweet that round her springs.

Sportive fancy, hear my prayer,
Gently from thy airy throne,
Whisper to the sleeping fair,
Edwin lives for her alone.

SONG.

S O N G.

Kate of Aberdeen.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton in the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light.
 To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I my wakeful vigils keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay;
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May:
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love;
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green—
 Fond bird! 'tis not the Morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now, blithesome, o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festive dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay;
 Till May, in morning robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen:
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 'Here's Kate of Aberdeen.'

SONG.

A NEW SONG.

*The Bashful Lover.**Written by Mr. Serratt.*

WHENE'ER I breathe my soul in sighs,
 And fondly fix my raptur'd eyes,
 Dearest charmer, then believe me,
 Dearest charmer, then believe me.

Whene'er thy radiant smiles impart
 A gleam of hope within my heart,
 Dearest charmer, &c.

Whene'er my tim'rous tongue is mute,
 Or faintly hints my modest suit,
 Dearest charmer, &c.

Whene'er my cautious accents move,
 To whisper soft my secret love,
 Dearest charmer, &c.

Whene'er thy gentle hand I press,
 And vows of faith and truth profess,
 Dearest charmer, &c.

With equal warmth my passion hear,
 Nor chill me with Platonic fear;
 Dearest charmer, &c.

Let others grasp the globe for me,
 My wishes center all in thee—
 Dearest charmer, now believe me.
 Dearest charmer, now believe me.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

O Dear, I'm so Pleas'd !

WHEN Strephon appears, how my heart pit-a-pat,
Shews the tender emotions with which it is seiz'd ;
To the shepherd's bewitching gay innocent chat,
I could listen for ever—O dear, I'm so pleas'd.

Tho' my grandmother frowns, and protests I'm too young,
With lessons of Cupid so soon to be teiz'd ;
But so sweet is the honey that falls from his tongue,
That I laugh at my grannam—O dear, I'm so pleas'd.

Should he ask me to wed, as he hinted to-day,
When my hand he so soft and so tenderly squeez'd ;
He's so pretty a swain, that I can't say him nay,
I'm resolv'd to be marry'd—O dear, I'm so pleas'd.

S O N G.

The Fox Chase.

Sung by Mr. Inledon, at Vauxhall.

AT the found of the horn,
We rise in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along ;
Yoix, yoix, tally-o,
After Reynard we go,
While echo on echo redoubles the song.

F

Not

Not the steeds of the sun
Our brave couriers out-run,
O'er the mound, horse and hound, see us bound in full
cry :

Like Phœbus we rise
To the height of the skies,
And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.

We waken the woods, &c.

At eve, sir, we rush,
And are close at his brush;
Already he dies—see him panting for breath,
Each feat and defeat—
We renew and repeat,

Regardless of life, so we're in at the death.
We waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
We prolong the delight,
Much Trimbull we praise, and the deeds that were
done :

And yoix, tally-o,
The next morning we go,
With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the sun.

S O N G.

The Banks of Yarrow.

Sung by Miss Bertles, at Vauxhall.

THE morn was fair, soft was the air,
All Nature's sweets were springing;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing.
When on the bent, wi' blithe content,
I first met Jem, my marrow:
Whate'er betide, I'll be his bride,
Upon the Banks of Yarrow.

Hcw

How sweet his face, where ev'ry grace
And manly beauty's planted;
His smiling een and comely mien,
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonny marrow;
While his dear smiles all doubt beguile,
Upon the Banks of Yarrow.

With him, &c.

O, Jem, if you should prove untrue,
My ghaist shall soon affright ye;
But if you're kind, wi' joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.
Our years around wi' love are crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow;
Thus, none shall be more blest than we,
Upon the banks of Yarrow.

With him, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Vauxhall.

Je Pense à Vous.

JE pense à vous—where'er I stray,
While sorrow marks my lonely way;
The sports of Spring, unmov'd I view,
Alone I sigh and think of you.

Je pense à vous.

Ah! why in absence do I mourn,
Why vainly wish for your return;
While transient pleasures you pursue,
Alone I sigh and think of you.

Je pense à vous.

Come then to chear our native plain,
Return to bleis a constant swain ;
With love reward a love so true,
O think of him who thinks on ycu.

Je pense à vous,



S O N G.

My Daddy O.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, at Vauxhall.

MY Daddy O was very good,
To make me fine he spar'd no money,
And scrape up filler all he cou'd,
He'd gi' it to make his Jane look bonny,
My cap it came from Aberdeen,
In filken gown I bra'ly flaunted ;
Tho' all I ask'd was mine I ween,
Yet my ha, heigho
Oh ! did plainly shew,
There was something yet poor Jenny wanted.

Blithe Jockey O, upon his mare,
Adoon the dell his horn rang sweetly,
Presented at my feet the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran so featly.
James brought a nosegay for my breast,
And myrtle slips himself had planted,
Gay Sandy too a lav'rock's nest,
Yet, &c.

Young Patie O, his dog so weel
Can dance—they say he's worth a guinea ;
I laughing prais'd his twa'-leg'd reel,
And Patie cry'd, he's thine sweet Jenny.
When to our fair I gang'd awa',
Gude troth, I thought myself enchanted,
But tho' they'd gi' me all I saw,
Yet, &c.

Sae saftly O, I yester night,
 The moon sae kind the while kept blinking,
 Stole out my ain true love to meet,
 Yet on false love I fell to thinking;
 The rustling leaves increas'd my fears,
 A footstep falls, my bosom panted;
 Oh! joy—my Willy now appears,
 Yet, &c.



S O N G.

Invocation to Cupid

Written by Mr. Birch.

LET Virtue soothe the hoary sage,
 Let Wine the gay inspire:
 Me softer numbers now engage,
 To Cupid strike the lyre!

Him of immortal birth I sing,
 Fair Venus' beauteous boy!
 Who tun'd Apollo's fav'rite string,
 And wak'd the world to joy.

With burnish'd bow and venom'd spear,
 Olympus owns his sway;
 Who caus'd the mighty thunder there
 To figh his hours away.

In vain we strive his pow'r to fly,
 Too sure he aims his dart;
 He revels in the brightest eye,
 And warms the coldest heart.

O could those eyes my numbers move,
 To comfort as they wound,
 My whitest kid, thou God of Love!
 Should on thy shrine be bound.

Or quit the throne of Flavia's eye,
 Or Flavia's heart subdue:
 Or grant at least the pow'r to fly,
 Where Flavia can't pursue.

S O N G.

Written by Peter Pindar, Esq.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
 The cold regard of Delia's eye?
 The heart whose only guilt is love,
 Can Delia's softness doom to die.

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear!
 Thy beauties, ah! divinely bright—
 In one short hour by Delia's side,
 I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet tho' I lov'd thee more than life,
 Not to displease a cruel maid,
 My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
 And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,
 A bliss for which I hourly pine;
 Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
 Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.

Few are the vales which Colin boasts,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove;
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
 A nobler bribe I offer—Love.

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
 And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—
 The act may make my bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless her own.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Robin Redbreast.

Written by Peter Pindar, Esq.

L ONE bird of eve, whose liquid throat
Delights my silent way,
Who cheereſt with a farewell note
The beam of parting day:

The wretch who wanders near the thorn,
Amidſt the gath'ring gloom,
Pursues with ſighs a path forlorn,
To weep at Cynthia's tomb.

Come, miſtreſs of the twilight hour,
And mourn with me the maid:
Thy tend'reſt ſong of ſorrow pour
To ſoothe the gentleſt ſhade.

So when thy voice in death ſhall ceaſe,
To leave that lonely tree,
May redbreaſts pour the ſong of peace,
Of ſweeteſt peace, to thee!

S O N G.

Poor Nan of Wapping.

Written by Mr. Cowdell.

A TTEND, ye thoughtleſs, young, and gay,
Nor ſcorn my tale of ſorrow;
The woes which others feel to day,
May be your own to-morrow:

Then spare the fame of her I name,
Seduc'd by false persuasion :
Perhaps you might have done the same,
Had you the same temptation.

Poor Nan of Wapping long was fam'd
For sweetness and for beauty ;
Her parents' love she justly claim'd,
Her soul was fraught with duty :
Her gentle mind to fraud was blind,
By easy faith excited ;
She thought to find, in all mankind,
The heart and tongue united.

'Twas hard her unsuspecting heart
A prey to guile should leave her ;
But ev'ry fraud and specious art
Were practis'd to deceive her :
With solemn oaths, a perjur'd youth,
To his embraces won her ;
And judging by her own—his truth,
She lost her peace and honour.

For some short period she enjoy'd
All luxury could render ;
No single check to curb her pride,
She shone in guilty splendor :
Surrounded by the vain and gay,
No serious friend appearing,
Till conscience came in dread array,
And claim'd an awful hearing !

'Twas then the helpless fair bewail'd
The breach of moral duties ;
She saw her lover's heart assail'd,
By more successful beauties :
At length appall'd, he spoke her fate,
And instant claim'd submission,
Then left poor Nan to mourn too late
Her helpless, lost condition !

Then

Thus spurn'd by him, whose faithless heart
 From virtue had seduc'd her ;
 And who, to crown the villain's part,
 To begg'ry now reduc'd her :
 Her former friends their aid deny,
 To soothe her bosom's throbbing ;
 E'en pity view'd with tearless eye,
 The woes of Nan of Wapping.

Her parents next she sought for aid,
 But they had long departed ;
 For with their child their comforts fled—
 They dy'd both broken hearted :
 Transfix'd she stood, bewail'd her birth,
 Her feeble arms extended ;
 She heav'd a sigh, then sunk to th' earth,
 Where all her woes were ended.

S O N G.

Absence.

Written by Mrs. Meziere.

THE wintry skies and pouring rains,
 That wash the mossy grove ;
 The wild winds raging round the plains,
 Far hence detain my love.

Did pity ride upon your wings,
 With you, we waters, blend ;
 Oh ! ye would not a tender heart
 With such keen anguish rend.

But, swift as thought, far hence ye'd rove,
 To other scenes repair ;
 Where no fond maid expects her love,
 Nor no fond youth his fair.

S O N G.

The Triumph of Cook.

Sung by Mr. Kelly, at the Anacreontic Society.

MINERVA in heaven disconsolate mourn'd
The loss of her Cook, who Britain adorn'd;
She shunn'd the celestials, and solitude sought,
Then wept as she glanc'd o'er the actions he wrought.

Surpriz'd at his deeds, she sat pensive, amaz'd!
When sudden her eyes to a volume were rais'd;
'Twas fate's mighty mirror the goddess descry'd,
Where the glory he gain'd on its pages were dy'd.

Sensibility smil'd, as the records she press'd,
And sigh'd as in pity these words were express'd:—
“ Oh! Cook, who till now the world dare explore?
“ Who'll venture, my hero, now thou art no more?

“ No more, ah! Owhyhee, thy Cook will appear,
“ The friend of mankind, whom you struck with a
“ spear;
“ He came to your succour, proud savages know,
“ He came as a friend, whom you slew as a foe.”—

She ceas'd—when a voice shook the heav'ns around—
“ Minerva forbear—see the gods have him crown'd:”
Be joyful, cry'd Jove, for the trophies he's won
Have prov'd him my daughter's legitimate son.

The portals of heaven were op'd to her view,
She saw him enthron'd in a vesture of blue:
Yes, Britain, she cry'd, in a transport of love,
Cook's honour'd on earth, and held sacred above.



S. O N O G 2

Jessey, a favourite Pastoral.

Written by Mr. Upton.

A Wanton lamb from Jessey stray'd,
A beauteous nymph of peerless mien;
The frisking wanderer left the maid
To mourn its loss on yonder green.

In vain, she cry'd, my lamb return,
Nor fly so fast thou knowst not where;
The trisler, with a lost concern,
Fled every plaint of Jessey fair.

Young Damon heard her plaintive cries,
And, hurt to see the virgin weep;
To seek her lamb, like lightning flies
O'er woodlands, dales, and mountains steep.

Ah! hapless victim, breathless fold,
He finds his Jessey's fleecy care,
Her lamb had down a summit roll'd,
Ere far he'd fled from Jessey fair.

A tear stood trembling in his eye,
As Damon told her lambkin's fate;
Which Jessey's handkerchief did dry,
Expressive of her love-sick fate.

She lov'd the youth, whose tender breast
Could make another's grief its own;
Nor did she wish that love suppress,
But fondly strove to make it known.

The happy moment now arriv'd,
She bade the youth no more despair;
For Damon who her lamb surviv'd,
Was worthy Jessey, lovely fair.

S O N G.

The Neglected Tars of Britain.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the Anacreontic Society.

I SING the British seaman's praise,
A theme renown'd in story;
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
Oh! 'tis your boast and glory:
When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's sound,
These bulwarks are neglected.

Then oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit;
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean;
When lightning darts, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion:
When on the bark the white topp'd waves
With boist'rous sweep are rolling;
Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidst the howling.

Then oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure;
He loads his gun, or cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure:

Tho'

Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck,
Should lifeless trunks appear;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.

Then oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him;
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him:
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He sighs—but scorns complaining.

Then oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
True courage still attends him:
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance;
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.

Then oh! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him moving 'long the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected:
Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him disregarded;
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded?

Then oh! protect, &c.

To

[110]

To them your dearest rights you owe;
 In peace then would you starve them?
 What say ye, Britain's sons?—Oh! no;
 Protect them and preserve them:
 Shield them from poverty and pain,
 'Tis policy to do it;
 Or when grim war shall come again,
 Oh! Britons, you may rue it.
 Then oh! protect, &c.

S O N G.

Dear Gentle Kate.

Sung by Mr. Inledon, at Vauxhall.

DEAR gentle Kate, oh! ease my care,
 And let my sorrows move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.
 A blush dwells glowing on thy cheeks,
 Fair feat of youthful pleasure;
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There speaks his rosy treasure.
 Oh! fairest maid, I own thy power;
 I gaze, I sigh, I languish;
 And ever, ever must adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.

SONG.

S O N G.

Mon Cher Ami, Amitres Cher.

Sung by Mr. Inledon, at Vauxhall.

MON cher ami, amitres cher,
My love shall soothe thy every care;
Thou in return shalt smile on me,
Nor aught but joy our life shall see.

Mon cher ami.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
Thy breast shall still retain the flame;
With which it long has glow'd for me,
Thy constant, wedded friend I'll be.

Mon cher ami,

United thus, may every year
Thy Lydia grow to thee more dear,
Nor sue for pity more from me,
Nor droop from her who lives for thee.

Mon cher ami.

A N E W S O N G.

The Happy Villager.

HOW happy a state does the rustic enjoy,
Whose breast with contentment e'er glows,
A stranger to bustle, no cares to annoy,
His time with sweet harmony flows.

No thoughts to perplex or to ruffle his mind,
No cares but his Nelly to please;
Contented he laughs at the storms or the wind,
For his breast's ever calm and at ease.

He

He daily gets up with the lark in the morn,
 And away to the field briskly hies,
 To plow, or to sow, or to cut down his corn,
 Whilst mirth ever beams in his eyes.

Thus with pleasure he passes the gay circling year,
 Whilst each day with contentment is crown'd,
 And at night, with a noggin of brown nappy beer,
 He quaffs it so merrily round.

Or at even, with pleasure, his work being done,
 He trips to the village, I ween,
 Where the lads and the lasses are jovially gone
 To enjoy the gay dance on the green.

Or with joy, to the wake, with his Nell doth repair,
 Smartly deck'd in his holiday vest;
 Or when with her at harvest-home, shearing, or fair,
 Sure no villager e'er is more blest.

Then search city or town, 'tis but bustle and strife,
 There grandeur and wealth may abound,
 But health, peace and contentment, the true joys of
 life,
 In the cot are alone to be found.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in Sherwood Forest.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
 And winter tells a heavy tale,
 When pies, and daws, and rooks, and crows,
 Do sit and curse the frosts and snows,
 Then give me ale,
 Old brown,
 Stout brown,
 Nut brown,
 O give me stout brown ale.

Ale

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
 Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
 Bid valour burgeon in tall men,
 Quickens the poet's wit and pen.

Despises fate—

Old brown, &c.

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,
 And equals it to tyrant's thrones,
 That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
 The o'erwearied bones—

Old brown, &c.

Grand-child of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
 Wine's emulous neighbour, if but stale;
 Enobling all the nymphs of water,
 And filling each man's heart with laughter,

Oh! give me ale,

Old brown, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in Robin Hood.

THE moon who night adorning,
 In silver vestments bound,
 Retires, that ruddy morning
 May breathe her sweets around.

Edwin thus beguiling,
 With eyes illum'd and smiling,
 Soft maidens hearts delighting,
 Ev'ry soul could move;
 But I this treasure slighting,
 In darkness seek my love.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in Robin Hood.

BRIGHT Sol now darts on yielding night
 His beams of orient light,
 His steeds of fiery race
 O'er fields of azure trace;
 Whilst I am wretched and forlorn,
 He still returns to bless the morn;
 Once ah! I rose, free as the sun,
 Each day smiling, gay and bright,
 Life claring,
 Joy creating;
 Smiling peace and soft delight
 Crown'd the day and bless'd the night.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bowden, in Robin Hood.

CHARMING Clorinda! ev'ry note
 You breathe these woods among
 Shall move my grateful tongue,
 Swelling my ardent throat,
 Homage devout to pay—
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And sooth her with the song;
 Should she, bewilder'd, chance to stray,
 Ye songsters, near your grove,
 To her your notes belong;
 My soul its sense shall prove,
 My voice its powers display—
 Love harmonize the lay,
 And sooth her with the song!

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bowden, in Robin Hood.

WHEN gen'rous wine expands the soul,
 How pleasure hovers round the bowl;
 Avaunt ye cares of Fancy's crew,
 And give the guilty wretch his due;
 But let the juice of sparkling wine
 My grosser sense of love refine:
 As Jove his nectar drinks above,
 I'll quaff whole goblets full of love.

Then why should I at life repine;
 Bring me Veuus, bring me wine,
 Fill the over-flowing bowl,
 In circles gay, and pleasures roll,
 Ever open, ever free,
 Hail, thou friend to Jolity!
 My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,
 I'll live to love—my cares are drown'd.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. D'Elpini, at the Royalty Theatre.

SEE that pretty creature there;
 Oh! how handsome! oh! how fair!
 Kiss me, love, I pray now do;
 Give me one, and I'll give two.

How a smack would do me good!
 Raise my spirits, fire my blood!
 Kiss me, love, I pray now do;
 Give me one, and I'll give two.

SONG.

D U E T.

Sung at the Royalty Theatre.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the chearful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And sing of love ere I grow old.

S O N G.

Dear Mary.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, at Vauxhall.

Farewell to Old England, thy white cliffs adieu!
Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from
you?

Tho' oceans divide us as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul!
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of you:
Farewell to Old England—dear Mary, adieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! can that love go to wreck,
Where ev'ry plank bears your name on the deck?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd.

Their

Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me ;
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee ;
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you,
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu !

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar ;
'Tis his compass, his helm ; 'tis his guide and his star ;
'Tis imprest on his bosom the moment he sails ;
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales.
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day :
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu ! into—welcome return.

SONG.

The Lass of Dee.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, at Vauxhall.

NOW all the groves, in verdure gay,
Are deck'd to hail the spring;
Our fleecy care securely play,
The birds melodious sing.
Ye blooming maids, and jocund swains,
Assemble round this tree,
And join with me, in rustic strains,
To praise the lass of Dee.
To praise, &c.

While fragrant odours fill the air,
We haste to yonder grove ;
And there, with rural sports, prepare
To hail her queen of love.
Then come, ye nymphs and jocund swains,
Assemble round this tree,
And join with me, in rustic strains,
To praise the lass of Dee.

Then,

Then, while ye tune the merry reed,
 We'll lead the dance with glee;
 Like graces on the queen of love,
 Our hearts from envy free:
 In rustic strains, we'll ever prove,
 Assembled round this tree,
 That nymphs with joy, and swains from love,
 All prais'd the lads of Dee.



S O N G.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

YOU know I'm your Priest, and your conscience
 is mine;

But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign,
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.
 Sing Ballynamono, oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
 The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow;
 So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
 Sing Ballynamono, oro,
 A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
 She blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
 Sing, &c.
 That snug little guinea for me.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

A Matter I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,
 Galloping galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun,
 I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
 With our haily, &c.
 We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.
 We met with a Friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 By the Lord, says the Friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.
 Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
 With our haily, &c.
 My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better—I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Good Morrow to your Night-Cap.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Poor Soldier.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crow'd out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little boofy,
With whisky, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me sit beside her.
Her anger rose,
And, sour as sloes,
The little gipsy cock'd her nose;
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

" Beneath the honey-suckle,
" The daisy and the vi'let
" Compose so sweet a truckle,
" They'll tempt you sure to spoil it.
" Sweet Sall and Bell
" I've pleas'd so well——
" But hold, I must'nt kiss and tell,
" So here I've rid
" Along, to bid
" Good-morrow to your night-cap."

SONG.

S O N G.

Fal-de ral Tit.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Harlequin Teague.

'T WAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,
And I brought it o'er the sea by chance,
And when in Wapping I did dance,
Oh! the like was never seen;
For I made the music loud for to play,
All for to pass the dull hours away,
And when I had nothing left for to say,
Then I sung fal de ral tit:
Tit fal de ral, -
Then I sung fal de ral tit.

As I was walking down Thames-street,
A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was resolv'd him for to treat
With a cann of grog, gillio!
A cann of grog they brought us straight,
All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
And satisfaction give him straight,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The maccaronies next came in,
All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
And thought for to strike me dumb:
Some was short, and some was tall,
But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,
As how he wish'd I'd go away,
And if I attempted for to stay,
As how he'd take the law:

G

Lord

Lord d—me, says I, you may do your worst,
For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst;
All this I said, and nothing worse,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I have cross'd the raging main,
And be come back to England again,
Of grog I'll drink galore;
With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I'll provide,
So that she shall be satisfy'd,
Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

S O N G.

Young Lubin.

Sung in the Carnival of Venice.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;
They met, they lov'd—each other's joy,
Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,
Nor would their happiness delay:
To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,
To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
One luckless lamb the current took,
'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, thy fav'rite save;
Too fatally the youth obey'd:
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wand'rer aid.

But

But scarce he guides him to the shore,
When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies:
Ah! Rosalie—for ever more,
In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank, oh! still be seen,
Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;
And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
For ever soothe thy Lubin's shade.

S O N G.

Fair Rosalie—the Sequel to Young Lubin.

ON that lone bank where Lubin died,
Fair Rosalie, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's shade.

Oh! may some kind, some gentle wave,
Waft him to this mournful shore;
These tender hands should make his grave,
And deck his corpse with flow'rs o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
And pray for his eternal rest;
When time his form has worn away,
His dust I'd place within my breast.

While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
And Echo to her grief reply'd;
Lo! at her feet his corpse was tost,
She shriek'd—she clasp'd him—sigh'd, and died.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove;
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd;
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh;
 In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
 What gold can never buy.

No value has a splendid lot,
 But has the means to prove,
 That, from the castle to the cot,
 The all of life is love.

 S O N G.

The Faithful Tar.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at the Pantheon.

THE sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd,
 Her course to steer—all hands on board,
 Propitious ev'ry gale;
 Fair Sally on the beach deplores
 Her sailor bound to distant shores,
 But nought her tears avail.

Oh!

“ Oh! cruel fate—ye pow’rs above;
 “ Why thus bereft of him I love!
 “ Who on the restless deep,
 “ The boist’rous tide must ceaseless brave,
 “ And meet, perchance, a wat’ry grave,
 “ While I but live to weep.”

Twelve months elaps’d when he return’d,
 Her constant heart with rapture burn’d,
 ’Twas freed from ev’ry care;
 And Henry’s love, his heart, his soul,
 Were true, as needle to the pole,
 When absent from his fair.

In wedded bliss they taste delight,
 No winds disturb, nor storms affright
 The lovely Sally’s breast;
 For now he makes a firm decree,
 No more to trust the raging sea—
 With her completely blest.

S. O. N. G.

Sung in Summer Amusement.

HOW hard our hapless lot appears,
 As virgin, or as wife!
 Restrain’d in all our early years,
 Distress’d in later life!

If fond affection warms our hearts,
 Too oft’ unfeeling man,
 From faith, from truth, from love departs,
 And triumphs where he can.

S O N G.

Sung in Summer Amusement.

WHAT means that downcast look, my dear?
 Why heaves the sigh, why drops the tear?
 What tears disturb, what doubts annoy
 Those hours which love should gild with joy?

Tho' transient care now dims our eyes,
 More flatt'ring prospects soon shall rise;
 Each fond endearing scene shall prove
 The matchless force of Melville's love.

S O N G.

Sung in Artaxerxes.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove;
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
 Nor, with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er this wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend.

Let not rage, &c.

SONG.

SONG.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

THE virgin lily of the night,
 Aurora finds in tears ;
 But soon, in coif of native white,
 Her fragrant head she rears :
 No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,
 But fresh and blithe as May,
 She rises to perfume the morn,
 And smiles upon the day.

The limpid streams of noble source,
 That miles in darkness flow,
 Emerging in their devious course,
 Translucent beauties shew :
 O'er golden sands they gently glide,
 Unruffled with the gale,
 Reflecting heav'n with splendid pride,
 As rolling thro' the vale.

SONG.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

HAPPY, harmless, rural pair,
 Void of jealousy or care ;
 Emblems of the bless'd above,
 Sharing pure seraphic love.

By the brook, beneath the shade
 Of the lofty poplar laid,
 Cheerful strains awake the grove,
 Dulcet notes of peace and love.

Say, ye proud, ye rich and great
Circled round with noise and state,
Real pleasure can ye prove?
No—'tis found in rural love.

A NEW SONG.

Severn's Banks.

ON Severn's banks, young Harry said,
He wish'd his Betsy could but love him,
He would do all to please the maid,
But fear'd she thought her lot above him.
Oh! no—my faithful lad, she cry'd,
You shall for me no longer tarry;
She blush'd consent—then smil'd and sigh'd,
I'll wed with none but honest Harry.

Young Harry's heart was in a glow,
When he had heard what she express'd, fir—
“And will ye not leave one so low?
“Ah! me, what transports fill my breast, fir!
“And won't ye heed your mother's scorn,
“Nor let your swain no longer tarry?
“Ah! let me ever bless the morn,
“That Betsy said she'd wed her Harry.”

I know you speak your honest mind,
Says Betsy—you're the lad to please me;
Will you be tender, fond and kind,
And never wish to leave or teize me.—
Ah! no—said he—my heart is true
As any youth's—so let's not tarry;
To Severn's banks we'll bid adieu,
Since Betsy vows to wed her Harry.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in the Enchanted Castle.

A RAREE show! a raree show! here is to be
seen—
A girl who would a husband have, altho' she's but
sixteen.

O say, is that so rare a show?

I say, No!

A miracle! a miracle! a lover in the lurch,
Who from a Miss would force a kiss, before they
went to church.

O say, was that so much amiss?

I say, Yes!

A raree show! a raree show! myself can best explain,
A female, who, once deceiv'd, still ventures once
again.

O say, is that so rare a show?

I say, No!

S O N G.

Long live the King.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

R EJOICE, Britannia's sons, rejoice!
Sound the trumpet, strike the lyre,
To songs of triumph raise your voice,
With heart and hand let all conspire.

Long live the King—long live the King—
 Long live the King, this isle to bless,
 May every year new blessings bring,
 May every year new joys increase.

In vain assassins raise the hand
 Against the sacred royal breast,
 The guardian genius of our land
 The pointed steel will still arrest.

Britannia! hear a people's voice—
 Protect great George, prolong his reign,
 So shall thy loyal sons rejoice,
 And treason aim her shaft in vain.



S O N G.

The Death of Allen.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
 And Allen he rose full soon;
 Sad tidings there were for Allen to hear,
 That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
 And Thomas came at his call:
 " Make ready a coffin and winding shroud,
 " For Mary shall see my fall.

" When last we parted, with brimsful eye,
 " Right loving she made a vow;
 " But Richard has twice as many sheep,
 " And Mary forgets me now.

" Then bear me to the green grass bank,
 " Where we did kiss and play,
 " And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,
 " Has wash'd my kisses away."

The

The bridegroom led the bride so fair,
The priest he came anon ;
But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corse,
Or ere the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green grass bank,
Where they did kiss and play,
And told her, the rain, that made it so green,
Had wash'd his kisses away.

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,
Her maiden blush was lost ;
She faded, as tho' on April morn
A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then, all beneath one fatal stone,
Together they bury'd were :
False maidens, who break your plighted vow,
Take heed ye come not there.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bankister, [in Sherwood Forest.]

I Travers'd Judah's barren sand,
At beauty's altar to adore ;
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece, the bold imperious mein,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be seen,
Where constancy is ever nigh.

From thence, to Italy's fair shore
I bent my never-ceasing way,
And to Loretto's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, superstition's hand
 Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
 And made me soon regain the land,
 Where beauty fills the Western shore.

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
 Connubial transport doth adorn;
 Where purest virtue sports the hour
 That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
 O charity's sweet children smile,
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

THE Leixlip is proud of it's close shady bowers,
 It's clear falling waters, it's murm'ring cas-
 cades,
 It's groves of fine myttles, it's beds of sweet flowers,
 It's lads so well drest, and it's neat pretty maids :
 As each his own village will still make the most on,
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong ;
 Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast on,
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

Be gentleman fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare,
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and nice powder'd
 hair,

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long,
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

SONG.

A NEW SONG.

The Gentle Gale.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

THE gentle gale, that wafts me home,
Unto my Harriet's arms,
I'll ever as auspicious bless,
'Twill quiet fond alarms.

Then furl the sails up high, my boys,
What can we wish for more,
Than gain the standard of our joys,
Britannia's happy shore.

Come, fill with glee the flowing bowl,
Fill it with grog galore ;
And let our toast be—" Safe landing
" Upon the British shore."

SONG.

Sung in the Winter's Tale.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear,
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear ;
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our
eyes,
For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
 But we as the children of nature are bred;
 By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
 For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the
 breast.

The giant ambition we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head:
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

S O N G.

The Sailor's Adieu.

DISTRESS me with those tears no more,
 One kiss, my love, and then adieu;
 The last boat destin'd for the shore
 Waits, dearest girl, alone for you.
 Soon, soon, before the light winds borne,
 Shall I be sever'd from your sight;
 You, left the lonely hours to mourn,
 And weep through many a stormy night.

When far along the restless deep,
 In trim array the ship shall steer;
 Your form, remembrance still shall keep,
 Your worth, affection still revere:
 And with the distance from your eyes,
 My love for you shall be increas'd,
 As to the pole the needle lies,
 And, farthest off, still varies least.

While

While round the bowl the cheerful crew
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
 Of you alone shall be my strain;
 And when we've bow'd the leagu'ing foe,
 Revengeful for our country's wrong,
 Returning home my heart shall shew,
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

A NEW SONG.

Phebe of the Vale.

YOUNG William, on a sultry day,
 Was crossing o'er a stile,
 His heart and thoughts were blithe as May,
 Unus'd to care and toil.
 His gen'rous breast, by nature taught
 To list' to others woes,
 The widow's plaint his feelings caught,
 For who can them oppose?

Sweet Phebe, tripping o'er the lawn,
 Was notic'd by our swain;
 She fill'd his breast soon with love's thorns,
 He look'd, and look'd again.
 Oh! heav'n-born maid—ah! prithee stay,
 Let nature now prevail:
 Tell me your name—the nymph did say,
 'Tis Phebe of the Vale.

Then, gentle Phebe, quick instil
 Some pity in your breast:
 What throbbing pains mine now do fill—
 Indeed 'tis robb'd of rest.

LuA

Never

Never till now, my sweetest maid,
Did love my breast assail;
Ah! don't sincerity upbraid,
Sweet Phebe of the Vale.

Ah! no—she cry'd—forbid it love,
That I should cruel be;
There is but one my breast can warm,
And that, sweet youth, is thee.
What joy, says William, fills my breast;
Since nature will prevail,
For every virtue is possess'd
By Phebe of the Vale.

S O N G.

Yo Yea.

Sung at Sadler's Wells.

I SAIL'D in the good ship the Kitty,
With a stiff-blowing gale and rough sea,
Left Polly the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea.
Yo yea, yo yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cry'd, now be constant to me;
I told her not to be down hearted,
So up with the anchor, yo yea.
Yo yea, yo yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be larboard,
Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.
Yo yea, yo yea.

And

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
 I return'd with no rhino from sea;
 My Polly would never receive me,
 So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.
 Yo yea, yo yea.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Sherwood Forest.

MMARGARETTA first posselt,
 I remember well, my breast,
 With my row, dow, dow, dero;
 With my restless heart next play'd
 Martha, wanton, floe-ey'd maid,
 With her tan tarara ro.

She to Catharine gave place;
 Kate to Bertsey's am'rous face;
 With my row, dow, &c.
 Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began,
 With their tan, &c.

Jenny next—a tyrant she;
 But Rebecca set me free;
 With my row, dow, &c.
 In a week from her I fled,
 And took Judith in her stead,
 With her tan, &c.

She possess'd a wond'rous grace,
 But she wanted Susan's face,
 With my row, dow, &c.
 Isabella's rolling eye
 Eclips'd Susan's presently,
 With her tan, &c.

Brown-

Brown-skin'd Bess I next obey'd,
 Then lovely Nanny, red hair'd maid,
 With my row, dow, &c.
 None could bind me, I am free.
 Yet love all the fair I see,
 With my ran, &c.



S O N G.

The Charming Fellow.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
 Why let them scold and bellow!
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day, on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well-o,
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow:

The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow,
 Says he my dear, I'll see you home,
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
 Says he, my sweetest Nell-o,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light,
 Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath!
 Ye bells ring out my knell-o;
 Again I'd die so sweet a death
 With such a charming fellow.

SONG.

A NEW SONG.

The Happy Sailor.

In answer to—"How happy the Soldier?"

HOW happy's the sailor who ploughs the wide
main,

All hardships to fright him appear but in vain ;

At every danger he makes but a jest,

And contentedly swings in his hammock to rest.

At every danger, &c.

He'll face the fierce enemy, Spaniard or French,

As cool and as easy as kissing a wench ;

And when all his money is spent on the shore,

Contented he'll traverse the sea to get more.

Thus blest, he ne'er heeds how the world runs away,

With pleasure he rises and passes each day ;

The frowns of the fair sex can ne'er give him pain,

So an English sailor's the happiest of men.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Wells, in Robin Hood.

WHEN Spring has chac'd the Winter's snow,

And melting streams begin to flow ;

When sun-beams thaw the frost-bound soil,

And ploughmen rise to morning toil,

My John then wanders o'er the fields,

And brings me all the season yields.

To

To me he sings the sweets of love,
As careless through the woods we rove;
Then urges me to be his wife,
And vows he'll constant prove thro' life;
Then Prudence, say, am I to blame
To own for John a mutual flame?

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Sherwood Forest.

WE'LL seek the bow'r of Robin Hood,
And keep his bridal day,
For cheerfully, in blithe Sherwood,
The brides and bridesmen play:
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the pastimes see;
For the minstrels sing,
And the sweet bells ring,
And they feast right merrily.
The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's stout and old,
And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold:

Then follow me, my bonny lads, &c.

There dancing sprightly on the green,
Each light-foot lad and lass:
Sly-stealing kisses, when unseen,
And gingling glals for glals:

Then follow me, my bonny lads, &c.

A NEW SONG.

Friendship and Love.

YOUNG Nancy the witty, the sprightly and gay,
More fair than the nymphs of the Cyprian
grove,

In the moon's silver beams let us frolick and play,
And all shall be sacred to friendship and love.

The nymphs and the swains are all met on the green,
Then come, my dear girl, in the dance let us move:
A gloom clouds each brow till my Nancy is seen,
Come—all shall be sacred to friendship and love.

Then throw thy shades stronger o'er this happy plain,
Chaste Dian! meek goddess, auspicious now prove;
Make us ever happy, and strengthen the flame,
That burns ever sacred to friendship and love.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Robin Hood.

THE trump of fame your name has breath'd,
Its praise is sounded far and near,
Stout little John, with laurels wreath'd,
Has reach'd each dame and damsel's ear:
But 'tis not you—bold Robin Hood,
I come to seek, with bended bow;
That man of might,
I fain would fight,
And conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho!

Thro' frost and snow,
Tho' cold winds blow,

I never

I never fail,
In rain or hail,
Tho' thunders roll,
From pole to pole,
To conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho!

With bended bow,
The buck or doe,
I never fail,
Thro' rain or hail,
Tho' thunders roll,
From pole to pole,
To conquer with my—Oh, ho, ho.



S O N G.

The Friend and Pitcher.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer,
Give me but these—a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
From morning-sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that, when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher,
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever thuns my door,
I know not what can bewitch her;
With all my heart—can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher?

My

My friend so rare, my girl so fair.
 With such what mortal can be richer,
 Give me but these—a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.



S O N G.

Prithee now don't be a Fool.

Sung by Miss Newman.

YOUNG Jockey first taught my gay fancy to rove,
 And when scarce in my teens fought my heart
 to obtain,

I wou'd chide him for daring to whisper his love,
 But the more I said nay, the more pressing the swain;
 Grown bolder, he ask'd me to bless him for life,
 I replied, like a girl that was just come to school,
 For so grave and old fashion'd a thing as a wife,
 I'm too young, and so prithee now don't be a fool.

It was thus all the swains I sent sighing away,
 Till my grannum (good woman) would often re-
 mark it.

Remember, says she, how swift time flies away,
 And how many like you are outstanding their market.
 So the very next day when I met the young swain,
 He reprov'd me for being so coy and so cool,
 And leaving me straight with an air of disdain,
 Then I blush'd and cried prithee now don't be a fool.

The shepherd improv'd on the hint I had given,
 And flew to the parson to make me his wife,
 This world my dear Jenny with you is a heav'n,
 I never before was so bless'd in my life.

Then lassies, when'er you have lovers in plenty,
 Be sure to remember your grandmother's rule,
 One string to your bow is enough—if you're dainty,
 You'll live to repent ever playing the fool.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in Sherwood Forest.

THEY call me honest Harry O;
 Molly I will marry O;
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,

I'll follow my own vagary O.
 With my rigdum, jigdum, airy O,
 I love my little Mary O;
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,

I'll follow my own vagary O.

Straight she is and bonny O,
 Sweet as sugar-candy O,
 Fresh and gay,
 As flow'rs in May,
 And I'm her jack-a-dandy O;
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Soon to church I'll bring her O,
 Where we'll wed together O;
 And that done,
 Then we'll have fun,
 In spite of wind or weather O;
 With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

THE hawthorn is sweetly in bloom,
 And daisies bedeck the gay mead,
 The rose sheds its richest perfume,
 And each love-tale of youth must succeed:

Ah!

Ah! why in this season of joy,
 Ah! why is my shepherd away,
 While absent the seasons but cloy,
 And vain is the fragrance of May.

When fore'd from our plains to depart,
 The swain was so gentle and kind,
 His sighs spoke the pangs of his heart,
 To leave his poor Daphne behind:
 Yet why in this season of joy,
 Ah! why does my Corydon stay;
 While absent all seasons must cloy,
 And lost are the pleasures of May.

In vain I've collected each flower,
 With woodbine entwin'd every tree;
 In vain have bedeck'd the gay bower,
 Unless it is deck'd thus for thee:
 Then come my dear Corydon come,
 The fields and the meadows are gay;
 No joys can you find while you roam,
 Like our plains when enliven'd by May.



S O N G.

For two Voices.—Written by Mr. Harrington.

HOW sweet in the wood-lands, with fleet hound
 and horn,
 To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn!
 But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
 For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Affist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;
 In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies;
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

H

SONG.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. O'Keefe.

FLOW, thou regal, purple stream,
 Tinted by the solar beam;
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes:
 My brain, ascend on fancy's wing,
 'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
 While I live, I'll lave my clay;
 When I'm dead and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say,
 "A month he reign'd, and that was May!"

Mary's Dream.

Sung at the Queen's Concert.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the Eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea:
 Then soft and low a voice was heard
 Say, 'Mary, weep no more for me.'

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye:
 'Oh! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea:
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.'

Three

Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We toss'd upon the raging main,
 And long we strove our bark to save—
 But all our striving was in vain.
 E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love of thee:
 The storm is past, and I at rest;
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

' Oh! maiden dear, thyself prepare;
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt or care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.'
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 ' Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.'



S O N G.

Sung in Love in a Village.

O H! how shall I, in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell;
 Or form my falt'ring tongue to speak
 That cruel word, Farewell!

Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray;
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

S O N G.

Sung in the Maid-of the Oaks.

COME ^{ing} round my fav'rite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove ;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is the record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded my cause ;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Pilgrim.

THIS hot pursuit,
With threats to boot,
Have little to alarm me,
So war I wage,
Defy his rage,
And brave whate'er may harm me.

He still may swear,
And stamp and stare,
I'll neither fear nor falter ;
Whate'er may bind,
'Gainst woman's mind,
Will prove a rotten halter.

My mistress flown,
I'll soon be gone :—
Old Crusty swears he'll tame her ;
For him she loves,
Abroad she roves,
In truth I cannot-blame her.

In varied shapes,
Thro' hair-breadth scapes,
Each way he tries to win her :
She scorns restraint,
And such a faint
Would make e'en me a finner.

Some trim disguise,
No doubt she tries—
I'll follow her example :
Of faith, of skill,
And wit at will,
I'll give 'em straight a sample.

So she and I
Will fairly try,
Whose trick or change can blind most ;
And since, old Don,
You chuse to run,
The devil take the hindmost.

S O N G.

Sung in the Desert.

THO' prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, ah ! what can they do ?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart says, my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to fray ;
With raptures possessing,
In one ev'ry blessing,
'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain,
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See Content, the humble gleaner,
Take the scatter'd ears that fall!
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

S O N G.

The Banks of the Dee.

IT was summer, so softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,
At the foot of the rock, when the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever,
When first I gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jemmy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourn-
ing,
To quell the proud rebels so valiant is he;
And yet there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring bil-
lows,

The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows,
And has left me to mourn amongst these once lov'd
willows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore the dear shepherd to me,
And when he comes home, with such care I'll watch
o'er him,

He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all it's beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

S - O N G.

Sung in Two to One.

HOW happy the woman, whose charms
Gain sweethearts stuck all of a row!
That if one should desert from her arms,
She still has two strings to her bow.

Should Thomas prove false—could he rob
My heart of its quiet? Oh! no—
For if Thomas is gone, there is Bob:
I still have two strings to my bow.

Then 'tis not so common a thing
Can vex me, I'd have you to know!
Since I have two beaux to my string,
As well as two strings to my bow.



S O N G.

Sung in the Merchant of Venice.

TO keep my gentle Jesse,
What labour would seem hard?
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.

The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.



S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain;
Till Phoebe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The ribband gay, or silken glove,
With eager haste I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd with love?

My poesy on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!
Her auburn locks my ribband grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day!
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sports can please;
I live the slave to fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth and ease.

The tree that, in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain;
When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

S O N G.

Sung in the Castle of Andalusia.

LIKE my dear swain, no youth you'd see,
So blithe, so gay, so full of glee;
In all our village who but he
To foot it up so featly:
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame;
And all his boon,
For ev'ry tune,
To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him, in the jocund ring,
 We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;
 Of May the youth was chosen king,
 He caught our ears so neatly:
 Such music rare,
 In his guittar;
 But touch his lute,
 The croud was mute:
 His only boon,
 For every tune,
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia,

A SOLDIER I am for a lady:
 What beau was e'er arm'd compleater?
 When face to face,
 Her chamber the place,
 I'm able and willing to meet her.

Gad's curse! my dear lasses, I'm ready
 To give ye all satisfaction;
 I'm the man,
 For the crack of your fan,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

Your bobbins may beat up a row dow dow;
 Your lap-dog may out with his bow wow wow;
 The challenge is love,
 I take up the glove,
 Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprise.

A MO, amas,
I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet Cowslip's grace
Is her nom'tive case,
And she's of the feminine gender.

Rorum corum,
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum, divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo!

Can I decline,
A nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis,
Her oculus bright,
Her manus white,
And soft, when I tacto her pulse is.

Rorum corum, &c.

Oh! how bella,
My puella;
I'll kiss her secula seculorum:
If I've luck, sir,
She's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum!

Rorum, corum, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

HERE's an old song made by an antient pate,
Of a worthy old gentleman who had a good
estate ;

And kept a very plentiful house at a very plentiful rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
Moderation, moderation, O wonderful moderation !

With a good lady, whose anger a good word assuages,
Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen
or pages ;

But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats and
badges.

Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
And a reverend old chaplain, you might know him
by his looks,

An old buttery hatch worn off the old hooks,
And a good old kitchen, that maintains half a dozen
good cooks.

Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes, and
bows,

An old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of good old cherry to comfort his copper
nose.

Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum ;

And

And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb.

Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a pack of
hounds,
With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds;
For he like a wise man kept himself within bounds,
And when he dy'd left each child a good old thousand
pounds.

Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the same bounteous
mind;

But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.

Alteration, &c.

Like a young gallant who had just taken possession of
his land,

He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond,
Kept a brace or two creatures at his own command,
And drinking at taverns till he could neither sit nor
stand.

Alteration, &c.

With a new lady who was fresh and fair,
And never knew what belong'd to house-keeping or
care;

Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton,
air,

And half a dozen dresses made of horses manes and
cow tail hair.

Alteration, &c.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new-fashion'd sort of a chaplain, who swears
faster than he prays;

Also

Also a new buttery hatch that opens but once in five
or six days,
And a large kitchen stor'd with nothing but kickshaws
and toys,

Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built just where the old one stood,
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal, or
wood;
It was hung round with pictures which did the poor
little good,
The subjects whereof were all profane and lewd.

Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come,
In a post-chaise for London we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter, John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone.

Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his person to adorn,
In order to attend my Lord's levee in the morn :
In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades and plays,
The young gallant consumes health, wealth, and days.

Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
For which many of his father's good old manors were
sold,
Which is the reason most men do hold,
That open house-keeping is now a days grown so very
cold.

Alteration, alteration, Oh! wonderful alteration.

SONG.



S O N G.

The Seasons of Love.

WHEN the blossoms of Spring shed their fragrance
 around,
 And nature's best songsters enliven the grove ;
 As we scent the perfume, as we hear the soft sound,
 This, this, we exclaim, is the Season of Love !

When the ardour of Summer compels our retreat,
 With the youth of our choice to some shady alcove,
 As we feel the cool air thro' the jessamine sweet,
 Our bosoms confess, 'tis the Season of Love !

When all-bountiful Autumn binds up his gold sheaf,
 And we pluck his ripe fruit from the tree while we
 rove,
 As we mark the first fall of the quick-falling leaf,
 The present, we cry is the Season of Love !

When mirth-loving Winter at home bids us keep,
 And with jests, tales, and sonnets, our happiness
 prove,
 As round the gay hearth to each other we creep,
 This, this, all agree, is the Season of Love !

In short, where good-humour and cheerfulness reign,
 And the true-hearted lovers each other approve ;
 Or at home or abroad—in the city or plain—
 Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, are Seasons of
 Love.

S O N G.

Sung in Comus.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts,
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;
I love them much, but more my ease:
No jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithful vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man
Is to love me while he can.

S O N G.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

IN the choice of a husband us widows are nice,
I'd not have a man who'd grow old in a trice;
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,
But one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'd avoid, when I'm choosing my lad,
And a stork that might gobble up all that I had;

Such

Such suitors I've had, fir—but off they might hop,
I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,
So handsome, so young, so polite and so kind;
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop—
He's one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

S O N G.

Sung in the Duenna.

COME now all ye Social Powers,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us,
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing.
And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendship, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.

Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous passion;
But I'll ne'er bow down before
Those idols, wealth and fashion.

Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
Whilst on earth we moulder?
Whether merry, grave, or mad,
We every day grow older.

Bring the flask, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Lass of Patie's Mill.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn;
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fann'd,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;

I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill.
Should share the same with me.



S O N G.

Sung in the Waterman.

THEN farewell my trim built wherry,
Oars, and coat and badge farewell,
Never more at Chelsea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go,
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then farewell, &c.

Then mayhap, when homewards steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry poor Tom!

Then farewell, &c.



S O N G.

The Jovial Sailors.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel:

No

No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout;
We'll make the Monfieurs right us,
So tofs the cann about.

Stick flout to orders, meffmates;
We'll plunder, burn, and fink;
Then, France, have at your firft-rates,
For Britons never shrink:
We rummage all we fancy;
We'll bring them in by fcores;
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in Louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal were lying,
With our noble Commodore,
We'll fend our wages freely, boys;
And then to fea for more.
In peace we'll drink and fmg, boys:
In war we'll never fly:
Here's a health to George our King, boys,
And the Rôyal Family.



S O N G.

Music is the Voice of Love.

Sung by Mifs Bertles, at Vauxhall.

SOFTLY sweet the minutes glide,
With tuneful Damon by my fide;
His fongs delight the listening grove,
For music is the voice of love.

When moon-beams glitter o'er the fream,
How sweet his fong when love's the theme;
His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,
For music is the voice of love.

If other maids admire his lays,
 While soft and sweet he sings my praise;
 The tender tale I must approve,
 For music is the voice of love.



S O N G.

Sung in the Twelfth Night.

HOW imperfect is expression,
 Some emotions to impart!
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart!
 When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat, what broken, falt'ring, dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,
 Ask no more—behold your error;
 Blushes eloquently speak
 What tho' silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air;
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what yours have written there.

O, that you could once conceive me!
 Once my heart's strong feelings view!
 Love has nought more fond, believe me;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 From you I am wild despairing,
 With you speechless as I touch;
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Disbanded Officer.

YOUR wise men all declare
Of the things so strange and rare,
The globe search round, thro' great nature's law,
A woman bears the bell,
And why they cannot tell,
'Tis the mystical charms of the *Je ne scai quoi*.

See the Duchefs, Queen of love,
The graceful minuet move,
What pencil or pen can such beauties draw?
Say why each heart is fir'd,
And why by all admir'd,
For the mystical charms of the *Je ne scai quoi*.

The lovely city dame,
Dear cause of many a flame;
Each smart swears he ne'er such beauty saw:
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips or brilliant eyes,
No, the mystical charms of the *Je ne scai quoi*.

Behold the village maid,
By nature's hand array'd,
In her stockings green, and her hat of straw;
Is love in dimples sleek,
Or the roses of her cheek?
No, the mystical charms of the *Je ne scai quoi*.

S O N G.

Sung in the Disbanded Officer.

IN fancy let nature delight,
Her fields and her flow'rets may change,
Soft breezes thro' groves wing their flight,
And her brooks thro' her meadows may range.
The lark in her sun-beam may sing,
Tho' mute in her mansion of snow;
Yet love from its blossom of spring,
No change of cold winter shall know.

Ye maidens more happy than I,
Possess'd of the youth you hold dear;
From love can you spare me a sigh,
With mine will you mingle a tear!
Ah no! for that heart cannot feel,
That never has lost its repose;
To friendship then let me reveal
The sorrows that love only knows.

S O N G.

Sung in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play;
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Linnet, written by Mr. Hawkins.

AS passing by a shady grove,
I heard a linnet sing,
Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love
Proclaim'd the chearful spring.

His pretty accents seem'd to flow
As if he knew no pain ;
His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,
It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah ! happy warbler (I reply'd)
Contented thus to be ;
'Tis only harmony and love,
Can be compar'd to thee:

Thus perch'd upon the spray you stand,
The monarch of the shade ;
And even sip ambrosial sweets,
That glow from every glade.

Did man possess but half thy bliss,
How joyful might he be !
But man was never form'd for this,
'Tis only joy for thee.

Then farewell, pretty bird (I said)
Pursue thy plaintive tale,
And let thy tuneful accents spread
All o'er the fragrant vale.



S O N G.

Sung in The Follies of a Day.

TO the winds, to the waves, to the woods I
complain,
Ah! well-a-day, my poor heart;
They hear not my sighs, and they heed not my pain,
Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart.

To the sun's morning splendor the poor Indian bows,
Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart;
But I dare not worship where I pay my vows,
Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

HARK forward! away, my brave boys, to the
chace,
To the joys that sweet exercise yields;
The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,
And invites to the sport of the fields.
Hark forward's the cry, and cheerful the morn,
Then follow the hounds and the merry-ton'd horn.
No music can equal the hounds in full cry;
Hark! they open—then hasten away;
O'er hill, dale and valley, with vigour we fly,
While pursuing the sports of the day.

Hark forward's the cry, &c.

I

With

With the sports of the field no joys can compare,
 To pleasure's light footsteps we trace ;
 We run down dull sloth, and we distance old care,
 Rosy health we o'ertake in the chace.

Hark forward's the cry, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
 As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
 He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,
 And he prais'd the soft grace of her mien ;
 But all her accomplishments known,
 Gentle Werter began to adore ;
 He sighs for a heart not her own,
 And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
 As a friend gentle Werter was dear,
 Her smiles oft his sorrows assuag'd,
 While pity has dropt a soft tear.
 Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,
 Werter leave me, and see me no more ;
 He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd,
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
 Under pity's soft garb hide his dart,
 Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,
 While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart :
 And oft o'er his grave has she cry'd,
 While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
 He saw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd,
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Fontainebleau.

A Londre I was taylor nice,
And work for Lor so gay,
He never beat me down my price,
But den he never pay;
From Lor I could no money get,
My draper would not stay;
So, like my Lor, I run in debt,
And den I run away.

Vid trick on card, I please my Lor,
He vonder how I do't;
And ladies all my skill adore,
Ven cock in glafs I shoot.
De British guinea I command,
My pocket to recruit;
I shirt it off by flight of hand,
Shift off by flight of foot.

SONG.

Sung in the Honest Yorkshireman.

LOVE's a gende, generous passion,
Source of all sublime delight,
When with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unite.

Two fond, &c.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
The false joy that now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

When obtain'd, &c.

Lawless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

Of the blissful, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in Comus.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
We follow sweet variety;
By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul;
No dull, stinting hours we own,
Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Poor Soldier.

HOW happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half a-crown out of sixpence a day;
Yet fears neither justice's warrant, or bum,
But pays all his debts with the rowl of his drum:
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
The king finds him money, and quarters, and clothes;
He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the rowl of the drums:
With my row-de-dow, &c.

The

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
 It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight;
 No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum:
 With my row-de-dow, &c.



S O N G.

For Two Voices.—Sung in Robin Hood.

THE stag thro' the forest, when rous'd by the
 horn,
 Sore frightened, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn,
 Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now in
 view,
 Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager pursue.

But escaping the hunters, again thro' the groves,
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves:
 Not so in his soul who from tyrant love flies,
 The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies.



S O N G.

Sung in Poor Vulcan.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
 I put on my clothes and I call'd for my groom;
 Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,
 Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the grounds;
 The horses were saddled, fleet Dapple and Grey,
 Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, hark away.

It was now by the clock about four in the morn,
 When we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn;

Dick Garter, Will Tabble, and Tom at the Goose,
 When all on a sudden out starts Mistress Puss :
 Men, horses and dogs not a moment would stay,
 And Echo was heard to cry, hark, hark away !

The chase was a fine one—she took o'er the plain,
 Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again ;
 Till at length she took cover, return'd out of breath,
 And I and Will Whistle were in at the death :
 There in triumph of joy I the hare did display,
 And I call'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away !

S O N G.

The Honey Moon.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

WOULD you know, my good friends, what the
 honey-moon is,
 How long in duration, how perfect in bliss,
 A proof may be found, and a sample be seen,
 In some boarding-school couple just left Gretna-green.
 My dearest, my duck,
 My sweetest, my chuck ;
 Miss Kitty's an angel, her Billy a god ;
 Whips crack, glasses gingle,
 While sighs intermingle,
 And Cupid assents, and goes niddity nod,
 Niddity nod, niddity nod,
 O'er Kitty the angel and Billy the god.

Papa's and mama's furly tempers once past,
 Bright Bloomsbury square has this couple at last !
 In three weeks possession, how pleasures will cloy,
 Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy.
 So impatient to roam,
 Ma'am you're never at home,

A path

A path so vexatious no wife ever trod;
 My torment—my curse;
 You are bad—you are worse:
 While Cupid flies off from a quarrel so odd,
 Niddity nod, &c.
 And Miss is no angel, and Billy no god.

To routs hies the lady, to gambling goes master,
 To part from each other ne'er couple went faster.
 While raking at night, and distraction at noon,
 Soon close all the joys of the sweet honey-moon.
 Bleeding hearts, aching heads,
 Sep'rate tables and beds,
 Render wedlock's sweet countenance dull as a clod,
 Then hey for a summons
 From grave Doctors Commons,
 While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,
 Niddity nod, &c.
 O'er Kitty the angel and Billy the god.

S O N G.

The Sailor's Return.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;
 Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
 Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,
 Tight fore and aft, above, below:
 Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
 And trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
 He flew like lightning to the side;
 Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
 Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing peehant gaily flutter'd
From her neat-made hat of straw ;
Red was her cheek when first she utter'd,
It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,
While, secure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
They dart into each other's arms.

S O N G.

Sung in the Strangers at Home.

WHEN up to London first I came,
An aukward country booby,
I gap'd and star'd, and did the same
As ev'ry other looby.
With countenance demurely set,
I doff'd my hat to all I met,
With—"Zir, your humble servant!"

Alas! too soon I got a wife ;
And, proud of such a blessing,
The joy and business of my life
Was kissing and caressing.
'Twas—"charmer! sweeting! duck, and dove!"
And I, o'er head and ears in love,
Was Cupid's humble servant.

But when the honey-moon was past,
Adieu to tender speeches !
Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and loit too fast,
I swore I'd wear the breeches.
I storm in vain—restraint she hates :
Adieu, she cries—the party waits ;—
My dear, your humble servant!

She's

She's gone, poor girl! and in my cot,
 With friend and bottle smiling,
 I'd envy not a higher lot,
 The tedious hours beguiling:
 If Care peeps in, I'm busy then,
 I nod—desire he'll call again,
 And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,
 'Tis best employ'd in laughing;
 And come what frowning cares there may,
 My antidote is quaffing:
 I'm ever jovial, gay and free,
 For this is my philosophy;
 And so—your humble servant.

S O N G.

The Answer to Ma Chere Ami.

MA chere ami! let not despair
 Your bosom fill with anxious care,
 Whose heart's so open, mind so free—
 I'll think of him who thinks of me.

Ma chere ami.

Charge not a tender virgin's flame
 With rudeness, to confess the same;
 Oh! pardon all the faults you see,
 And think of her who thinks of thee.

Ma chere ami.

Then let us to the church incline,
 And Hymen wait our hands to join;
 For ever after happy be,
 I blest'd with you, and you with me.

Ma chere ami.

S O N G.

The Sorrows of Charlotte on the Death of Werter.

Sung by Mr. Goldfinch, at Sadler's Wells.

WHEN Werter first fair Charlotte saw,
What strange emotions fill'd his breast,
And robb'd him too for e'er of rest,

By force's of love's despotic law :

Then oft he'd seek the willow grove,
And as he'd thro' the coverts rove,
Oh ! how he'd sigh, he'd sigh for guilty love.

Then back return, with eager pace,

And Charlotte, Charlotte, mournful cry,
And while he would so sadly sigh,
That tears would trickle down his face :
And when she saw him thus in woe,
She'd sweetly whisper, soft and low,
Oh ! how I grieve, I grieve to see you so !

His fatal passion oft she'd chide,

That both their sad misfortunes wrought :
When fate the doleful tidings brought,
For love of Charlotte, Werter dy'd :
Oh ! how she cry'd in bitter woe,
How could you, Werter, pain me so,
Oh ! how I grieve, the world thy death must
know.

S O N G.

Bright Phœbus.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the hounds and the horns call each sports-
man away;

Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they
bound,

While health, rosy heath, is in exercise found.

Hark away is the word, to the sound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue;
Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
While the loud opening pack pursue her amain,

Hark away, &c.

At length Pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death.
No joys can compare to the sports of the field,
To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark away, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Peruvian.

POUNDS, shillings, pence, and farthings,

I have at my finger's end,
And how to sell, and how to buy,

To borrow or to lend:

But this, since I felt birch at school,

My pate has run upon,

Addition be my golden rule,

Ha! dot and carry one.

At loss and gain a scholar good,
 Full early was I taught,
 To gain of guineas all I cou'd,
 To lose the devil a groat.
 At fractions and divisions when
 Hard knocks were laying on,
 Subtraction was my practice then,
 Ha! dot and carry one.

But words no more I'll numerate,
 And thus sum total lies;
 Of terms I'll not an acre bate,
 Reduction I despise;
 And since sockade and roguish eye
 Miss Clara's heart has won,
 If you're resolv'd to multiply,
 Ha! dot and carry one.



S O N G.

The Royal Sailor.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

THE foes of Old England, France, Holland,
 and Spain,
 Made bold by indulgence, insulted the main;
 The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,
 And at England, Old England, their vengeance they
 hurl'd;
 When Neptune arose from his watery throne,
 In a coral-clad suit he most beautiful shone,
 He call'd for his Tritons, and bade them repair
 To the court of great George, for young William
 was there:
 He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,
 This isle to protect, and reign prince of the sea.

O'er-

O'er-joy'd at the message, the youth rear'd his head—
 I'll fight like a prince, were the words that he said;
 The cause of my country I'll boldly espouse,
 To the sea I am wedded, and give her my vows;
 With Rodney, with Digby, with Ross I will go,
 And die but I'll conquer each insolent foe:
 The Tritons reported the words that he said.
 And Spain heard the plaudits by Neptune then paid:
 He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,
 Britain's isle to protect, and reign prince of the sea.

The Dons they have felt the effects of his rage,
 No more with blood royal they'll dare to engage;
 For he stood on the deck with his naked drawn sword,
 And by the bold Digby he passed the word:
 Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with base fear,
 When one noble ship was blown up in the air;
 His courage gives rapture to each jolly tar,
 Who look on Prince William their bulwark in war:
 He's royal, he's noble, and chosen to be
 The guard of this isle, and the prince of the sea.

S O N G.

How sweet's the Love that meets Return.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

WHEN first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
 He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
 He stole my heart, but did na' care,
 The lad he lov'd a lass more fair;
 And oft I sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

He lov'd a lass wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes cauld, and sometimes kind,

Which

Which made the love-sick laddy rue,
 For she was cauld when he was true;
 He mourn'd, and sung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.
 One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
 Where cowllips and sweet lav'rocks join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair—
 But she refus'd the gift sae fair;
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne,
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale-een,
 And truest love is soonest seen;
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine,
 For thy soft wishes are like mine:
 Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
 For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was bold, frank, and kind,
 I lov'd the lad, and told my mind;
 To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
 And wha sae blest as he and me?
 Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

S O N G.

William and Caroline.

Sung by Mr. Mahon.

'T WAS at the break of day we spy'd
 The signal to unmoor,
 Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,
 Sweet maid, from Gosport shore;
 The fresh'ning gale at length arose,
 Her heart began to swell,
 Nor cou'd cold fear the thought oppose,
 Of bidding me farewell!

In

1944-45

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S O N G.

Sung in the Spanish Rivals.

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Never

Never robb'd of their ease,
They are thoughtless and free ;
But no more gentle peace
Shall e'er harbour with me.

Still the lark finds repose, &c.

Still in search of delight,
Ev'ry pleasure they prove,
Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the slights of fond love.

Still the lark finds repose, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in Midas.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish ;
One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts
You, he not long need sue in vain ;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
You scarce will meet his like again.

S O N G.

The Rose Bud.

SWEET bud ! to Laura's bosom go,
And live beneath her eye ;
There, in the sun of beauty blow,
Or taste of heaven and die.

Sweet

Sweet earnest of the blooming year!
 Whose dawning beauties speak
 The budding blush of summer near,
 The summer on her cheek!

Blest emblem of the nymph I love,
 Resembling beauty's morn,
 To Laura's bosom haste, and prove,
 One rose without a thorn.



S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

THE twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,
 Arise to partake of the chace;
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
 And smiles to the smile of her face,
 For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of Love
 With myrtles my brows shall adorn,
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the
 grove,

Excell'd by the sound of the horn.
 The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry.
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply:
 Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,
 But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from the chamber of woodbine peeps out,
 His sentence he hears in the gale;
 Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail.
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear;
 With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

The dogs are, &c.

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick, at the Anacreontic Society.

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old sage
 Prest the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl,
 Which made him forget all the cares of old age;
 It bloom'd in his face, and made happy his soul.
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 'Tis the liquor of life, that each care can controul.

This jovial philosopher taught that the sun
 Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main;
 That the planets would tipple away as they run,
 The earth wanted moisture, and soak'd up the rain.
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 'Tis the liquor of life, and why should we refrain.

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
 The hero and lover alike it makes bold;
 Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,
 Delightful alike to the young and the old.
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 That every ill may by wine be controul'd.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Duenna.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
 But health and good-humour to make her his
 toast;

If

If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six foot or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
If brown, it it lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her, &c.

Let her looks be the reddest that ever was seen,
And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

Only let her, &c.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

She mayn't, &c.



S O N G.

Sung at Ranelagh.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
Invite the cheerful birds to sing;
And, while they warble on each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;

At

At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade ;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bee with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice ;
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,
 About the birks of Endermay.

S O N G.

Homeward Bound.

LOOSE ev'ry sail to the breeze,
 The course of my vessel improve ;
 I've done with the toils of the seas,
 Ye sailors ! I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 My griefs I fling all to the wind ;
 'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
 My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,
 What tropic-bird swifter can move ?
 Who, cruel, shall hold his career,
 That returns to the nest of his love ?

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,
 Come shipmates, and join in the song ;
 Let's drink, while our ship cuts the seas,
 To the gale that may drive her along.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in Rosina.

HOW blest, my fair, who on thy face,
Uncheck'd by fear, may fondly gaze;
Who, when he breathes the tender sigh,
Beholds no anger in thine eye.

Ah! then, what joy awaits the swain,
Who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain;
Whose voice, with rapture all divine,
Secure may say, "This heart is mine."

S O N G.

Sweet Robinette.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

SWEET, sweet Robinette, all the shepherds declare,
They never yet saw so enchanting a fair;
The swains all admire her, no mortal as yet
Has e'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette.

Her eyes they would melt you, her cheeks they disclose
The beautiful tint of the pale blushing rose;
The nymphs full of envy, do nothing but fret,
To see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette.

All nature seems pleas'd, as she trips it along,
Her smiles make the lark swell his rapturous song;
The shepherds their cares and their labour forget,
To gaze on the charms of my sweet Robinette.

So gentle her manners, they soften the sage,
She's the May-day of youth, and the Summer of age;
I love her—adore her, I'll venture a bet,
You ne'er saw a girl like my sweet Robinette.

SONG.

S O N G.

The Approach of May.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We shepherds, who dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine,
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine.
The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the lark and the linnets now sing,
Their music is taught them by May:
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove;
And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
That May is the mother love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the day.

Would

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove ;
Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find
That May is the mother of love.



S O N G.

Maria.

Composed by Mr. Moulds.

'T WAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria chose her wretched seat,
To mourn her sorrows free ;
Her lovely form was sweet to view,
As dawn at opening day,
But ah, she mourn'd, her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along ;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries ;
For grief has fill'd her breast ;
Those joys which once she us'd to prize—
But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid ! who can behold
Thy sorrows so severe,
And hear thy love-lorn story told,
Without a falling tear :
Maria, luckless maid ! adieu,
Thy sorrows soon must cease,
For Heaven will take a maid so true
To everlasting peace.

S O N G.

*The Friend and Lover.**Sung by Miss Newman, at Vauxhall.*

I'M told by the wise ones a maid I shall die ;
 They say I'm too nice, but the charge I deny ;
 I know but too well how time flies along,
 That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.
 But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
 Whole ages of sorrow for moments of joy.
 I never will wed till a youth I can find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

No pedant, tho' learn'd, or foolishly gay,
 Or laughing because he has nothing to say,
 To every fair one obliging and free,
 But never be fond of any but me;
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness may soothe me, whose counsels can
 guide :
 Such a youth I would marry, if such I could find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger shall fright me, nor millions should bribe ;
 But 'till this astonishing creature I know,
 I am single and happy, and still will be so.
 You may laugh, and suppose I am nicer than wise,
 But I shun the vain sop, the dull coxcomb despise,
 Nor e'er will I wed 'till a youth I can find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

S O N G.

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
Each softer joy and ease:
To distant climes he loves to roam,
Nor dreads the boist'rous seas.

His heart, with hopes of vict'ry gay,
Scorns from the foe to run:
In battle terrors melt away,
As snow before the sun.

Tho' all the nations of the world
Britannia's flag would low'r,
Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
And dare their haughty pow'r!

But see, Bellona sheathes her sword;
Hush'd is the angry main:
The cannon's roar no more is heard;
Sweet peace resumes her reign!

A New BACCHANALEAN SONG.

Mirth admit us of thy Crew.

Tune, "Flow thou regal purple Stream."

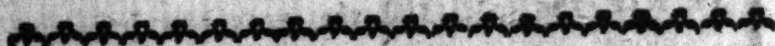
MIRTH admit us of thy crew,
What have we with care to do;
Let us, while we live, employ
Every hour in love and joy:
Push the spark'ling goblet round,
For in that true joys are found:

K

Wine

Wine's the cordial of the soul,
Revel on without controul.

Let old dotards be severe,
Treat us with a Cynic sneer,
Still we'll live, while thus we may,
'Till death stops us on our way :
Envy's self shall never dare
On our joys to interfere ;
But we'll quaff with amorous fire,
'Till with pleasure we expire.



S O N G.

Time.

Written by Mr. Birch.

TIME, like the winged courser, flies,
When youthful pleasures round us roll ;
But ah ! how faint, how slow he is,
When grief or pain obscures the soul.

No filken cords of love can bind,
Nor wealthy bribe entice his stay ;
Nor can the means the wretched find
To urge his cruel cold delay.

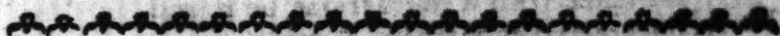
The sons of pleasure never heed
The moments which their transports crown ;
Too late perceive the traitor's speed,
And wonder where their joys are flown.

Da Capo.

The

The sons of woe, with sighs and tears,
 With every tedious minute gone:
 Unmov'd the fullen tyrant hears,
 Nor mends his pace, but slumbers on.

Da Capo.



A New PASTORAL SONG.

Tune, "What virgin or shepherd in valley or grove."

THRO' the dales and the groves as I wander
 alone,

The victim of love and despair:
 To the sweet scented flow'rets I make my sad moan,
 And tell the cool Zephyrs my care.
 Ye sprightly young rustics that trip o'er the plain,
 Who with pity behold me distress'd,
 Ye ask me with rapture the name of the swain
 Whose image I bear in my breast.

If e'en as you chance for to trace the green mead,
 A lovely young shepherd to see,
 Whose charms far above all the rest does exceed,
 Be assur'd that young shepherd is he:
 The sweet blushing rose and the lilly unite
 His beautiful cheeks to adorn,
 And his fine sparkling eyes dart a lustre so bright,
 It resembles the op'ning of morn:
 By his lips is the vermilion cherry out-vi'd,
 His teeth with the pearl may compare:
 When he chearfully smiles such sweet graces reside,
 As no painting or verse can declare:
 His long flowing locks of a lovely brown dye,
 For their charms not indebted to art,
 Like the fam'd Parthian, careless they fly,
 They convey a sure wound to the heart.

Alas!

Alas! e'en the first time I saw this dear swain
 No tortures my bosom did prove,
 But now I am doom'd in despair to complain,
 For I never must hope for his love:
 But oh, by that lovely and fortunate maid,
 To whom he his heart shall resign,
 May his flame with a mutual one be repaid,
 As sincere and as virtuous as mine.

S O N G.

A favourite hunting Song.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

HARK, hark to the sound of the sweet winding
 horn,

It invites to the chase, and awakens the morn;

Hark, &c.

Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain.

Diana, &c.

While Bacchus deprives us of reason and wealth,
 The sports of the field give both pleasure and health:
 Such innocent pastimes ensure us all joys,
 Where no bus'ness disturbs, no malice destroys:
 Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,
 While echo enraptur'd repeats the blithe strain.

Diana, &c.

A New COMIC SONG.

Lingo's Wedding.

The Words by the Author of Lingo's Triumph.

Sung by Mrs. Williams, at the Theatre, Tunbridge Wells.

Tune, "Push about the Jorum."

LINGO, good friends, once more appears,
His heart with joy elate, fir,
In spite of all rude Cudden's sneers,
He ne'er repines at fate, fir:
For Cowslip is my wedded wife,
I am a happy homus,
And live a multus bonus life
In Domine Felix's domus.

Tol lol, &c.

We trip to church, so bligh and gay,
Our hearts were void of care, fir,
Farmer Stump he led the way,
John and Thomas too were there, fir;
My Cowslip she was drest so neat,
With mittens on her manus,
The bella mulier look'd as sweet
And lovely as a Canus.

Tol lol, &c.

The ceremony soon was done,
And then magnus and small, fir,
Elate with joy strait did return
To Domine Felix's hall, fir:

A bonus dinner was prepar'd,
Which soon was set before 'em,
The rustic Swains ne'er better far'd,
And I fung "Rorum corum."

Tol lol, &c.

Farmer Stump cry'd out, "Encore,"
(Clasping his Jug of Stingo,
Such chaunting ne'er was heard before,
Bravissimo! Good Lingo.
Then by desire I fung bow wow,
The Farmer's bloated cheeks, fir,
Swell'd out with saying that as how
He was not fond of Greek, fir!]

Tollol, &c.

Such bonus laugh, went round the board,
While I my nectar quaffing,—
Told Stump that, like an Als he roar'd,
Which set the fawns a laughing.
A Latin Epitaph I fung,
Expressing of my joys, fir,
With acclamations the Hall rung
In giving me applause, fir.

Tol lol, &c.

I call'd on Cowslip for a Song,
(Since we were all so mellow)
She smil'd—the Mulier then begun
To sing the Charming Fellow.
The ev'ning now was far advanc'd;
So bidding each Good Night, fir,
To bed we both together danc'd,
And tasted true delight, fir.

Tol lol, &c.

My Song is ended, and depend
It shall be my sole endeavour,
My Bonus thanks each one to send
For all your num'rous favours.

If you acquit me with applause
 'Twill cheer me, and my Stingo,
 Your smiles will compleat the Joys
 Of Cowslip, and her Lingo.

Tel lol, &c;

S O N G.

The Bowl.

OH! come, thou rosy God of wine,
 Chase all sorrow from my heart;
 'Tis time enough sure to repine,
 When the Bowl and I shall part;
 For whilst in that—such charms I find,
 Care—I give thee to the wind.

When with hopeless love oppress'd,
 To thy shrine I oft repair;
 There is found both peace and rest,
 There I banish gloomy care:
 Around my temples then entwine
 The sweet enchanting heav'nly vine.

When duns and bailiffs seize my soul
 With odious debt and odious jail;
 Then I fondly clasp the bowl,
 And in the bottom look for bail;
 Nor look in vain—whilst there I find,
 Jovial spirits—free and kind.

For when elated by their pow'r,
 No jail I fear, nor debts unpaid;
 Jovial passes ev'ry hour,
 'Till their magic spells are laid:
 'Tis then, alas!—freed from the snare,
 I lose my bowl—and find my care.

A NEW SONG.

"Far divided from my Mate,"

A Favourite AIR!

As was Sung by Mrs. OLIVE, at the ROYAL CIRCUS,
in the BURLETTE of, THE CHOP HOUSE.

FAR divided from my Mate,
Griev'd his absence long I mourn,
Full of terror for his fate,
In vain I wish for his return,
Waft him ye propitious gales,
O'er the main with crowded sails.

Bring him from the hostile strand,
To ease my fond, my sorrow'd heart,
Bring him to his native land,
And again may we ne'er part,
Waft him ye propitious gales,
O'er the main with crowded sails.

S O N G.

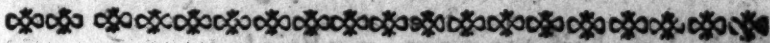
YE gay sons of Bacchus replenish the bowl,
'Tis the mirror that shews us mankind;
Pride, envy, and malice, admit its controul,
And leave undisfigur'd the mind.

The sage, who of old wish'd a window were plac'd
To discover the haunts of the soul,
Would have done full as well had he ply'd ev'ry guest,
With the mystic contents of the bowl.

Round

Round the heart that is honest, the balm it supplies,
 To cure ev'ry sorrow that basks;
 But to knaves and to slaves all its pleasure denies,
 And gradually steals off their masks.

Then let pedants and milk sops our bev'ridge disclaim,
 It's virtues they never can know:
 While *we* ply the bowl, 'tis an ocean of fame,
 And a speedy reliever of woe!



A New SONG.

WOMAN; an ANACREONTIC.

HONOUR let the soldier chuse,
 Let the drunkard call for wine,
 Devotion suits the dull recluse,
 But be lovely Woman mine.

What's the pomp of eastern world!
 What's the gold or diamond's shine!
 Let misfortunes darts be hurl'd,
 If lovely Woman be but mine.

Each sad remembrance I erase
 When I kneel at beauty's shrine,
 Folded in the sweet embrace
 Of lovely Woman! how divine.

Bacchus still may boast his pow'r,
 And the joys center'd in wine,
 At other joys my fancy tower's,
 That lovely Woman may be mine.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. Birch.

A WAKE, my love! in smiles awake!
For night withdraws her sable veil,
The clouds of morn refulgent break,
And odours breathe in ev'ry gale.

Arise! and aid the dawn, my Fair!
Dispute the blush with yonder east:
Thy breath shall mock the fragrant air,
The light thy radiant eyes increase.

A New SONG.

Tune, "The Moon had reach'd the highest hill."

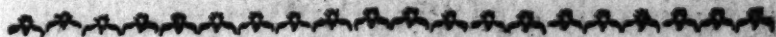
THE Nymphs were met upon the Green,
Each 'tended by her favourite youth,
Who, by their Mistress Beauty, charm'd,
Where whispering vows of love and truth.
The Queen of Night bright Luna shone,
And cast her rays of silver light,
The sprightly Dance had just begun,
And all was pleasure and delight.

When sad mishap—how chang'd the scene,
The sprightly dance no more can charm,
The clouded sky, the veiled orb,
Foretold the dangers of a storm.
The thunder roll'd, the lightning flash'd,
The nymphs and swains were fill'd with fear,
To think their joys so soon were dash'd,
By disappointment so severe.

With

With eager steps they homeward fled,
 Each one protected by her swain,
 The tempest now more fiercer grew,
 They so wish'd 'twould cease, but wish'd in vain.
 Young Henry, among the rest,
 With Sally, his intended bride,
 Who every female charm possess'd,
 Strove to escape the furious tide.

But oh! what horror rent his heart,
 To see his Sally, lovely maid,
 Torn by the lightnings forked dart,
 And lifeless struck upon the glade.
 And is she gone the youth exclaim'd,
 My sweetest girl, my lovely bride;
 Then sunk upon her lifeless corse,
 Heav'd a sad sigh, and dy'd.



S O N G.

*Written, composed, and sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at
 Vauxhall.*

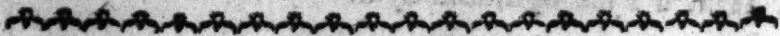
THE mist from the mountains proclaim'd it was
 morn,
 And the sun chang'd the dew-drops to pearls on the
 thorn;
 The pipe and the tabor now sweetly did sound,
 While the birds in sweet melody carol'd around;
 When the youth who at wrestling last e'en won the
 prize,
 Gently tapt at my window, and bade me arise;
 Tho' I lik'd his attention, I urg'd him to go,
 And peevishly cried, Don't keep teasing me so.

My old maiden Aunt from her chamber came down;
 What! flirting with Strephon! cried she with a frown;

You'd better attend to your dairy and reel,
Than to those who profess what they never can feel ;
wish you'd be wise and *detest* all the men ;
I will, Aunt, indeed, when I'm three score and ten ;
If I find to my grave I a Maiden must go,
Depend on't I'll *hate* them for teasing me so.

But so pressing is Strephon, 'tis not to be borne ;
He's just gain'd my promise to meet him next morn,
Where the nymphs and the swains crown'd with chap-
lets are seen,

To hail the new May, by a dance on the green ;
Shou'd he kneel at my feet, and my pity implore,
And repeat the soft oaths he so often has sworn ;
Shou'd he press me to wed, I'll to church with him go,
'Twill cure him, *I warrant*, of teasing me so.



S O N G.

The Playthings of Life.

Sung by Mr. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

ALL men are mere children, all women the same,
Who, increasing in years, get a different name;
But still the pursuit of each great girl or boy,
Is after some pretty, fantastic new toy;
Which, when first obtain'd, for a moment they prize,
Yet the next they destroy, or neglect, or despise;
While the world's one large nurs'ry of envy and strife,
Where the bantlings contend for the playthings of life.
The playthings, &c.

What more than mere toys, tho' of such high renown,
Are the bishop's lawn sleeves, or the judge's furr'd
gown ;

What coronets, mitres, wigs, patches, or wands !
What ribbands and medals, caps, tassels and bands !
What

What all tinsel of state, jewels, garters, and strings !
Which kings can bestow, and which deck even kings !
Yet these are the baubles that generate strife,
Among children who pant for the playthings of life !

Hark, mortals ! your passion for gew-gaws repress,
To few be attach'd, nor those to excess ;
For excess will to evil convert ev'ry good,
Your joy turn to anguish, to poison your food :
While the choice, made with prudence, by prudence
 confin'd,
Bids the body feel bliss, without paining the mind ;
And thus wife to husband, and husband to wife,
Prove the best and most permanent playthings of life.



A New SONG.

Tune, " Young Lubin was a Shepherd's Boy."

YOUNG William was a rural youth,
A scornful Nymph possess'd his love,
His passion was replete with truth,
But never could her pity move.

The Nymph, inconstant, light, and gay,
Had never felt love's fatal dart,
Had never yet own'd Cupid's sway,
His pow'r had ne'er touch'd her heart.

As thro' the grove one sultry day,
Distress'd, forlorn, the swain had rov'd,
He spy'd his Sally, blythe and gay,
He spy'd the only girl he lov'd.

Ah !

Ah ! leave me not, he cried, " sweet maid,
 Let pity now possess your breast ;
 Away ! begone, fond youth," she said,
 Hymen's offer I detest.

Young Colin, whistling, came that way,
 She thought he had a thousand charms,
 From William to him ran away,
 Flew like lightning to his arms.

This was too much for love to bear,
 And am I treated thus he cry'd ?
 " Farewell, dear girl," then in despair,
 He plung'd into the stream and dy'd.

When evening came she pass'd that way,
 And floating spy'd her lover's form,
 She shriek'd, and trembling, then did say,
 (While horror did her breast alarm.)

Ah ! William, now I know too late,
 How fatal has my falsehood prove,
 But be assur'd I'll share the fate
 Of him who died for Sally's love.

" Receive us ! heav'n, in thy abode,"
 She said, and rush'd from off the shore,
 Then clasp'd her William's breathless corse,
 Thus twin'd, they sunk, to rise no more.

S O N G.

The Irish Hunt.

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale,
 Which to gain your attention, I'm sure cannot
 fail,

'Tis

'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs, that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and briar.

A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters, been there,
'Fore God he'd have shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, sev'nty four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery, in search of a fox.

The Laughlins town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And 'Squire Adair were with us that day,
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tunable roar,
Hark to Wanton, cry'd Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For Wanton's no trisler esteem'd in the pack.

Old Bonny and Colliers came readily in,
And every hound join'd in the musical din;
Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine, was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way,
As strong from Killegar as tho' he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan.

To Carrickmines thence, and to cherry woods then,
Steep-Shank hill he climb'd and to Ballymanglen,
Bray commons he cross'd, leapt Lord Anglesea's wall,
And seem'd to say, little I value you all.

He ran Bush's grove up to Carbury Byrns,
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns,
The

The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out.

To Malpas high hill was the way then he flew,
At Dalkeystone common we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullock through Shrub Glanagery,
And so on to Mountown, where Lawrey grew weary.

Thro' Rochester wood, like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last,
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart sure none dare follow me.

But soon to his cost he perceiv'd that no bounds,
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds,
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of terriers were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But ere he could reach the top of the cliff,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.

At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
Save Lawrey, who riding a garreen was flung,
Thus ended at last a most delicate chace,
That held five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord,
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
Of they who ne'er varied for the places of wealth.

Owen Bray baulk'd a leap, says Hal Preston 'twas
odd,
'Twas shameful, cry'd Jack, by the great living G—,
Said Preston I hallow'd, get on tho' you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party affairs were consign'd to the court,

Thus

Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers, and social delight.

Then till the next meeting bid farewell to each
brother,

So some they went one way, and some went the other,
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

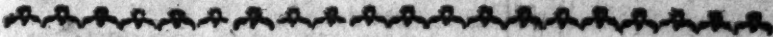


A New SONNET.

Translated from the Persian ;

*And supposed to have been Sung by two Lovers on the
point of eloping.*

GREAT mahomet from above, }
Bless this enterprize of Love, }
And make it auspicious prove,
In this silent hour ;
Oh, great prophet, now defend us, }
Thy divine assistance lend us, }
When in danger pray befriend us,
With thy heav'nly pow'r.



The Cot of Laura.

A New PASTORAL SONG.

YOUNG Laura was a lovely lass,
Her charms all fancy did surpass ;

She

She was as fair as Flora ;
 Each village swain with verse and song,
 Enraptur'd morn and eve did throng,
 Around the Cot of Laura.

Young Roger by her charms was mov'd,
 Tho' late it was he swore he lov'd,
 The pretty black ey'd Norah ;
 She mourn'd the falsehood of the swain,
 Who for his part now strove in vain,
 To gain the heart of Laura.

Each morn to her he paid his vows,
 With aukward scrapes and cringing bows,
 And swore he hated Norah ;
 But all was vain, she heeded not,
 And told him 'twou'd not be his lot
 To gain the Cot of Laura.

Young Phelim was a brisk young swain,
 He lov'd the lass, nor lov'd in vain,
 He paid his vows before her ;
 She blush'd consent, nor did she chide,
 He soon at church made her his bride,
 And gain'd the Cot of Laura.

S O N G.

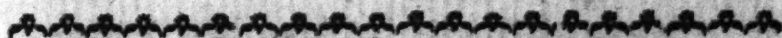
What is that to you.

MY Jenny and I have toil'd,
 The live-long summer's day,
 'Till we were almost spoil'd
 At making of the hay.
 Her kerchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow ;
 I whisper'd something in her ear,
 But what is that to you?
 Her kerchy was, &c.

Her

Her stockings were of kersey green,
 As tight as any filk ;
 Oh ! such a leg was never seen ;
 Her skin was white as milk ;
 Her hair was black as one could wish ;
 And sweet, sweet, was her mou ;
 Oh ! Jenny daintily can kiss,
 But what is that to you ?

The rose and lily both combine
 To make my Jenny fair ;
 There is no bennison like mine,
 I have amidst no care :
 But, when another swain, my dear,
 Shall say you're fair to view,
 Let Jenny whisper in his ear,
 Pray what is that to you ?



S O N G.

Mon Cœur, Adieu.

Sung in the Girl in Style, by Mr. Johnstone.

Tune, Ma chère Amie.

MON Cœur, adieu, young Lubin cries,
 And tow'ards the distant camp he flies ;
 Yet turns fair Annette's haunts to view,
 And sighs, yon favourite hills—how blue.

Mon Cœur, adieu.

The Beacon's brow fair Annette won,
 Her Lubin's arms reflects the sun ;
 The sun too soon his ray withdrew,
 She sigh'd—night steals my lover true.

Mon Cœur, adieu.

S O N G.

S O N G.

The Vicar and Moses.

AT the sign of the Horse, old Spintext of course
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd the canonical sot.

Tol derol, derol, tidol, didol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission ;
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with a lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry ?
Why, Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay !
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, Sir, a small child
Cannot delay your intentions ;
Why, that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor,
Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible show'r ;
Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's
plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one!
Pray master look up at the hand:
Why, it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go—that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak old orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,
Whilst the surplus was wrapt round the Priest,
And so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's
torn,
Oh ! man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flower,
You see, Moses,—death spareth no man !

Here,

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down;
 Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,
 That this *Straban* should print for the Crown.

Prithee Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead,
 (Amen, amen,)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your
 tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head.

O, where's thy sting, death!—put the corpse in the
 earth;
 For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather—
 So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together,
Singing ul derol, &c.

Vincit qui Patitur,

or,

He Conquers who endures,

A New SONG.

Tune, “*A Londets I was Talleu Nice.*”

YOUNG Thomas long had courted Kate,
 A sprightly chambermaid,
 And often times would curse his fate,
 In loving such a jade;
 But love o'er Tom ruled with such sway,
 He could not hope for cure,
 And if he urg'd his suit, she'd say
Vincit qui patitur.

One morning urging of his suit,
 Vowing his love was pure,
 Says Kate, as usual sharp and cute,
 Vincit qui patitur.
 Ah, Kate, you ne'er said this "Tom cries,"
 'Till very late, oh sure,
 Says Kate, the words I always prize,
 They conquer who endure.

Thank Mr. Palmer, the dear man,
 The meaning is divine,
 When to his Theatre I ran,
 'Twas there I read the line;
 Oh curse the meaning, him and all,
 Cries Tom, 'tis wrong I'm sure,
 Says Kate, it ne'er my fancy palls;
 Vincit qui patitur.

Dear Tom, if you'll but stay a week,
 The meaning you'll know right,
 We'll married be, Tom could scarce speak,
 It fill'd him with delight;
 On that day week they wedded were,
 The joke was carried sure,
 And Kate oft cries wasn't the saying rare,
 Vincit qui patitur.



S O N G:

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the Grey Beards.

SWEET rosy sleep! Oh do not fly,
 Bind thy soft fillet on his eye,

That

That o'er each grave my own may rove,
And feast my hapless, joyless love!

For when he lifts these shading lids,
His chilling flame such bliss forbids—
Then rosy sleep, oh, do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye,

A Parody upon

"Oh what a plague is an obstinate Daughter,"

Sung by Mr. DAVISON, at the ROYAL CIRCUS.

IF a young wife you have, she's the plague of your
soul,

No peace can you have, tho' you let her controul,
Not one look in ten can be counted to cheer ye,

Oh! what a plague is an obstinate deary;

Frisking and flaunting,

Singing and jaunting,

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate deary.

If her mate, like me's ancient, she does nought but
scorn him,

And she's devilish well off if she don't chance to
horn him;

They plague and they'll tieze him quite of his life,
Sir,

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate wife, Sir;

Gadding about Sir,

To park, plays, and routs, Sir,

Oh! what a plague is an obstinate wife, Sir!

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung In the School for Scandal.

✓ **H**ERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean;
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the last,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, fir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, fir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim.
Young, or ancient I care not a feather:
So fill the pint bumper up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the last,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

O, "Cherry cheek'd Doll is a sweet pretty Lafs,"

A New SONG,

As was sung at the THEATRE, BATH,

By Mr. CHARLTON,

*In the new Interlude of "the Country Oratori,
or, a Trip to Cheltenham."*

The words by W. W.

Tune, "Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen."

OH Cherry cheek'd Doll is a sweet pretty Lafs,
So handsome and charming each feature,
And she was just Twenty Years old the last Grass,
Od's wounds! she's a delicate creature,
So I'll let the jug pass, and drink to my lasfs,
And they that won't pledge me I'm sure is an afs.

T'other day I spy'd her a milking her cows,
She warbled and I was the theme fir;
I nimbly stept to her and paid her my vows,
And we guzzled a bowl of nice cream fir;
Says I to my lasfs, as we set on the grass,
If I do not love ye Doll I am an afs.

Now to Old Jorum's I'll hasten away,
As nimble and blythe as a bee fir;
The 'Squire in vain may be magging away,
He'll get no encoring from me fir;
For I'll the jug pass, and drink to my lasfs,
If I did n't do it I'd sure be an afs.

SONG.

S O N G.

A Soldier's Song.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

HOW stands the glass around,
For shame, you take no care, my boys,
How stands the glass around,
Let mirth and wine abound ;
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound ;
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose bus'ness 'tis to die !
What fighting, fie !
Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I !
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
'Tis but in vain,
For soldiers to complain ;
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain ;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

A NEW SONG.

By W. W.

Tune, "How fond was my Damon."

HOW fair was my Jessy, how lovely her form,
Her beauty the coldest of stoic's might warm;
In her every charm was encircled, entwin'd,
And virtue triumphantly rul'd o'er her mind.

In the tenderest accents I told my fond tale,
And eagerly begg'd her to let nature prevail;
To make her my bride, was what I design'd,
For the charms of her face set off those of her mind.

She smil'd and then ask'd me if I was sincere,
For sincerity lastingly she shou'd revere;
Sincerity every good action shou'd bind,
'Twas the noblest of passions that reign'd in the mind.

I told her it would be the pride of my life,
'The very next morning to make her my wife;
In me a kind lover she ever shou'd find,
Since I was in love with the charms of the mind.

She gave me her hand, and said she'd be mine,
I seiz'd it with raptures as a blessing divine;
At the church the next morning we joyful were
join'd,
And now I possess both her person and mind.

SONG.

S O N G.

Dans Votre Lit.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone:

DANS votre lit, that bright parterre:
Should Flora bloom a lilly fair,
A smiling jonquil I should be,
To blow (sweet flower) beside of thee.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

Or nodding in the thorny bush,
You droop to hide the roses blush;
The leafy umbrage make of me,
And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

When every flower that paints the ground,
Throws smiles and odours all around;
Sweet flower, I'll prove thy faithful bee,
And honey sip from none but thee.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

S O N G.

Favourite Ballad of Haydn.

Sung by Miss George, at Freemasons Hall.

YOUNG Hal called softly, "Rise, my dear!
'Tis I your true love—can't you hear?"
He tapp'd and tapp'd, impatient grown,
Again he call'd and said,
"Why, Nancy, love, won't you come down?"
"No, no!" reply'd the maid.

L. 3

"The

" The wind is bleak, the night is dark ;
 " Disturbed the village watch-dogs bark ;
 " Full five long miles for thee I've come,
 " O'er dreary moorlands stray'd ;
 " Rise from thy bed and make me room,"
 " No, no!" reply'd the maid.

Then doleful turn'd he from the door,
 And curs'd his fate and love forswore ;
 But as he turn'd, he heard the key,
 As tho' to creak afraid ;
 " You'll not prove false, sure," whisper'd she—
 " No, no, my charming maid."

Thrice kiss'd the lovers, thrice the clock,
 Beat on the bell, thrice crow'd the cock.
 Yet still right loath was Hal to go,
 Tho' Nancy beg'd and pray'd ;
 Till laughing, neighbours cried " Oh, ho!
 " It's so my pretty maid!"



A Favourite SONG.

*As Written and sung by Mr. WESSON, at the ROYAL
 CIRCUS, in the much admired BURLETTA,
 called the CHOP HOUSE.*

Tune, " Thus, thus my Boys, from the Agreeable
 Surprise.

Thus, thus, my Boys you see once more,
 Were landed safe on Britains shore,

In spite of every foe,
 Let's circulate the chearful glass,
 Then each return unto his lass,
 On her his gains bestow,
 Let Venus quit her flow'ry care.
 That sails above the air,
 To hail the freeborn British tar,
 The fav'rite of the fair.

Enough of war we've had my friends,
 But now on peace my hope depends,
 Oh may each prove true,
 And may kind heav'n auspicious prove,
 And reward each sailor's love,
 Content will then ensue,
Let Venus quit, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Fontainbleau.

THE British lion is my sign,
 A roaring trade I drive on;
 Right English usage—neat French wine,
 A landlady may thrive on,
 At table d'hôte, to eat and drink,
 Let French and English mingle,
 And while to me you bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle;
 Your rhino rattle, come
 Men and cattle, come
 All to Mrs. Casey;
 Of trouble and money,
 My jewel, my honey,
 I warrant I'll make you easy.

L 4

When

When drest and seated in my bar,
 Let 'squire, or beau, or belle come,
 Let captains kiss me if they dare,
 It's sir, you're kindly welcome!
 On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink,
 Let Rooks and Pigeons mingle,
 And if to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino rattle, come, &c.

Let love fly here on silken wings,
 His tricks I still connive at:
 The lover who would say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private.
 On pleasures I am pleas'd to wink,
 So lips in kisses mingle,
 For while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino rattle, come, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Fontainebleau.

IN London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolicks I keep up the day and the night;
 I snooze at the hummums 'till twelve, perhaps later,
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter;
 Your honour, says he, and he tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce,
 With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flashing,
 smashing, smacking, cracking, rumbling,
 tumbling;
 Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joaking, swaggering,
 staggering;
 So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so mellow;
 This, this, is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My phæt'n I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
 I handle my reigns and my elbows I square;
 My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily,
 Through Pall-mall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;
 Till losing a wheel, egad down come I smack,
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;
 At Tatterfall's fling a leg over my nag,
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag,
With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden, and call at the Rose,
 And then at both Play Houses, pop in my nose;
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and swagger,
 Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger.
 I meet at the Shakespear a good-natur'd soul,
 Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.
With swearing, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Romanzini, in Richard Cœur de Lion.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
 For then Collette thy hand I seize,
 And press it too whene'er I please.
 And none can see, and none reprove:
 Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
 And then we whisper soft and low,
 Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
 Yet still we are too young, they say,
 But we know better, sure, than they,
 Youth should not listen to threescore;
 And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
 When next we whisper soft and low,
 Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

S O N G.

*The Brunette.**Sung by Mr. Inckdon.*

MY hearts soft emotions admit my disguise,
 To cheat the poor nymphs of the plain,
 For the passion I feel is confess'd by my eyes,
 And love shews the wound of the swain.

And love, &c.

Would you know all the magic that lives in her mein,
 By which my fond heart she has won;
 Go take (like the Grecians) each beauty that's seen,
 And comprize all their graces in one;
 Then wonder like me at the pleasure-fraught Bet,
 And wear the soft chains of the lovely Brunette.
 The wandering kidlings that sport on the hills
 Leave their browning to list to her lay,
 She charms the swift course of the murmuring rills,
 And arrests the bright chariot of day:
 The winds stop enraptur'd to list to my Bet,
 And gratefully fan the accomplish'd Brunette.
 Had I all the wealth stout avarice sought,
 When he ravag'd the glittering mine:
 Had I all the treasures that Cræsus had bought,
 The gems, my sweet girl, should be thine;
 But trifles like these are despis'd by my Bet,
 For merit alone wins the lovely Brunette.

SONG,

S O N G.

Sung in the Carnival of Venice.

IN my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew;
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew;
 Jocund morn and evening gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.
 Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart,
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
 Faithful echoes to the heart!
 Happy hours, for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.
 But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
 Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

S O N G.

Sung in the Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
 A camp's distress to prove,
 All other ills she can sustain,
 But living from her love:
 Yes, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
 Will not your spirit fail,
 To mark the hardships you must share,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale!

Dear Nancy, &c.
 Or,

Or, should you, love, each danger scorn,
 Ah! how shall I secure .
 Your health—'midst toils which you were born
 To sooth—but not endure :
 A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail ;
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

S O N G.

What a Charming Thing's a Battle.

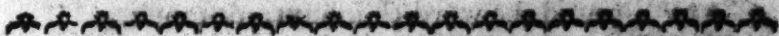
Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle ;
 Trumpets sounding, drums a beating ;
 Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle ;
 Every heart with joy elating !
 With what pleasure are we spying,
 From the front, and from the rear,
 Round us in the smoaky air,
 Heads and limbs, and bullets flying !
 Then the groans of soldiers dying,
 Just like sparrows, as it were.
 At each pop
 Hundreds drop,
 While the muskets, prittle prattle ;
 Kill'd and wounded
 Lie confounded ;
 What a charming thing's a battle !

But the pleasant joke of all,
 Is when to close attack we fall,
 Like mad bulls each other butting,
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;

Horfe

Horse and foot,
 All go to't;
 Kill's the word both men and cattle;
 Then to plunder;
 Blood and thunder.
 What a charming thing's a battle!



S O N G.

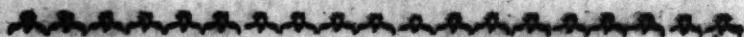
Sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Poor Soldier.

DEAR Sir, this brown jug that now foams with
 mild ale
 (To which I will drink to sweet Kate of the vale)
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers, he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r woven harbour as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

SONG.



S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Doyle, in the Medley, or Harlequin every
Where.*

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
While echoed by the sprightly horn ;
The toils and pleasures we recount
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

Chorus.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Actæon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot,
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the flot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to baul,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
And while ware-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies:

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

SONG.



S O N G.

The Mulberry Tree.

Sung in the Jubilee:

BEHOLD this fair goblet—'twas carv'd from the
tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by
thee:

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine.
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry!

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear;

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
Of the fir we make ships—there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespear can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'r's,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flow'r's,
The garden of Shakespeare all pleasures will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c

With

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
 Supplies law and phyfic, and grace for the church;
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find—
 He gives the best phyfic for body and mind.
 All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
 From him and his merits this takes its degree:
 Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
 The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
 All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has the laurel and bay, and the vine all in one.
 All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
 Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
 To honour your country, do honour to him.
 All shall yield, &c.

S O N G.

Sung in the Quaker.

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,
 I journey'd many a mile,
 And by my grief did measure
 The passing time the while.

My bus'ness done and over,
 I hasten'd back amain,
 Like an expecting lover,
 To view it once again

But

But this delight was stilled
 As it began to dawn—
 I found the casket rifled.
 And all my treasure gone!

S O N G.

Shannon's Flowery Banks.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

IN summer when the leaves were green, and blof-
 soms deck'd each tree,
 Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless love
 to me;
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told
 his tale—
 O Patty! softest of thy sex! O let fond love prevail!
 Ah well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,
 Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief
 and care:—
 Ah no, dear youth, I softly said, such love demands
 my thanks,
 And here I vow eternal truth, on Shannon's flow'ry
 banks.
 And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry
 banks,
 And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs and play'd
 such artless pranks;
 But woe is me! the press-gang came, and forc'd my
 Ned away,
 Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our
 wedding-day.
 My love, he cried, they force me hence, but still my
 heart is thine;—
 All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war and
 toil is mine;

With

With riches I'll return to thee—I fobb'd out words of thanks—

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile ranks;

From morn to eve, for twelve dull months, his absence sad I mourn'd—

The peace was made—the ship came back—but Teddy ne'er return'd!

His beauteous face, his manly form, has won a nobler fair—

My Teddy's false, and I forlorn, must die in sad despair.

Ye gentle maidens, see me laid, while you stand round in ranks,

And plant a willow o'er my head, on Shannon's flow'ry banks.



S O N G.

The Sailor's Song.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

THE top-sails shiver in the wind,
The ship she's cast to sea,
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are Mary moor'd with thee:
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his guiding star.
Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales:

Thou

Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves;
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves.
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are the cares—but if you're kind
We'll scorn the dashing main.
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain.
Now England's glory rest with you—
Our sails are full---sweet girls, adieu!

SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Sherwood Forest.

WHEN ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
And bright dew-drops impearl the flowers so
gay.

Sound, found, my stout archers, found horns, and
away,

With arrows sharp pointed we go.
See Sol now arises in splendor so bright;
To Pæan, for Phœbus who leads to delight,
All glorious illum'd now rises to fight;
'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer at Venus's shrine:
Libations we'll pour to Bacchus divine;
While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction combine,
For archers, true sons of the game,
Bid sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing;
Love, friendship, and beauty make the air ring,
Wishing health and success to our country and king;
Encrease to their honour and fame.

S O N G.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,
As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdes sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home,
And leads me, &c.

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seat at her door.
And deck'd the, &c.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slyly stole into my breast.
Love slyly, &c.

I told my soft wishes—she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
I have rich ones rejected, and great ones denied;
Yet take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.
Yet take me, &c.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek;
So simple tho' sweet were her charms;
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
And lock'd the, &c.
Now.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep;
 And if on the banks by a stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her Image still softens my dream.

Her Image, &c.

Together we range o'er the flow-riſing hills,
 Delighted with paſtoral views,
 Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtills,
 And marks out new themes for my muſe.

And marks out, &c.

To pomp or proud titles, ſhe ne'er cou'd aſpire;
 The damſel's of humble deſcent;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire;
 The ſhepherds have nam'd her Content.

The ſhepherds, &c.



S O N G:

Cupid Triumphant.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Sing, and love, and laugh with me:
 Cupid is my theme of ſtory;
 'Tis his godſhip's fame and glory;
 How all yield unto his law!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave and o'er the gay
 Cupid takes his ſhare of play;
 He makes hero's quit their glory:
 He's the god moſt fam'd in ſtory;
 Bending them unto his law.

Ha! ha! ha! &c.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
 Without pity—piercing hearts:

Cupid

Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions :
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law.

Ha! ba! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts—'twixt me and you :
Then ye maids, and men, be wary.
How you meet before you marry.
Cupid's will is solely law.

Ha! ba! ba! &c.

D U E T.

The Maid of the Mill.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Martyr, in Rosina.

William.

I'VE kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see ;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

Phæbe.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call me the fairest she ;
But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

William.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

Phæbe

Phæbe.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
 His cheeks are as fresh as the rose ;
 He looks like a 'squire of high degree
 When drest in his Sunday's clothes.

S O N G.

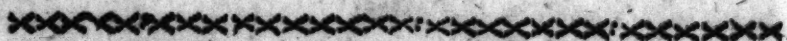
*The Wedding Day.**Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.*

WHAT virgin or shepherd, in valley or grove,
 Will envy my innocent lays,
 The song of the heart, and the offspring of love,
 When sung in my Corydon's praise.
 O'er brook and o'er brake, as he hies to the bow'r,
 How lightsome my shepherd can trip,
 And sure when of love he describes the soft power,
 The honey-dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the primrose, the violet how sweet,
 And sweet is the eglantine breeze.
 But Corydon's kifs, when by moon-light we meet,
 To me is far sweeter than these.
 I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,
 I sigh when I offer to speak,
 And oh ! what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,
 When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray,
 Let the pipe thro' the village resound,
 Be smiles in each face, O ye shepherds to day,
 And ring the bells merrily round.
 Your favours prepare my companions with speed,
 Assist me my blushes to hide,
 A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed
 To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

S O N G.



S O N G.

Mad Tom.

FORTH, from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the dark abyfs of hell,
 Mad Tom is come, to view the world again,
 To fee if he can cure his diftemper'd brain.

Fears and cares opprefs my foul !
 Hark ! how the angry furies howl ;
 Pluto laughs, and Proferpine is glad,
 To fee poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Thro' the world I wander night and day,
 To find my ftragglng fenses ;
 In angry mood I met old Time,
 With his pentateuch of tenfes.

When me he fpies, away he flies,
 For time will ftay for no man ;
 In vain with cries I rend the fkies,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortlefs I be ;
 Help ! help ! or elfe I die.
 Hark ! I hear Apollo's team,
 The carman 'gins to whistle,
 Chafte Dian bends her bow,
 And the boar begins to briftle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
 And knock off my troublefome fhackle ;
 Bid Charles make ready his wain,
 To bring me my fenses again.

Last

Last night I heard the dog star bark ;
 Mars met Venus in the dark ;
 Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
 And furiously made at the god of war.

Mars, with his weapon laid about ;
 Limping Vulcan had got the gout ;
 His broad horns did so hang in his light,
 That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrel :
 Barrel-bellied Bacchus, giant like,
 Bestrid a strong beer barrel ;
 To me he drank whole butts,
 Until he burst his guts,
 But mine were ne'er the wider,
 Poor Tom is very dry ;
 A little drink for charity.

Hark ! I hear Actæon's hounds,
 The huntsman's whoop and hallo :
 Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
 All the chase do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
 Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot ;
 But a cup of Malaga sack
 Will fire the bush at his back.

S O N G.

Cowden Knows.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves :

M

But

But my lov'd song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd that e'er dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art:
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader haughs, and Leader fide;
 O how I blest the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows,
 For sure so fresh, so bright a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows:
 Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare,
 Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,
 Nor bushy aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom;
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed, and Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows!

S O N G.

DOWN the bourn and thro' the mead,
 His golden looks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny liting tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou.

Dear

Dear she lov'd the well-known song,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long.

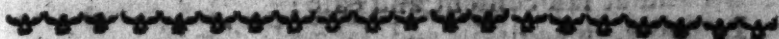
Down the bourn, &c.

Costly claithes she had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great store;
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;
Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the bourn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
Youthful Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithful heart:
Sweet the joys the lovers find!
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.

Down the bourn, &c.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter,
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter.
The noble mind is not all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am persuaded,
Each free-born Briton's song should be,
Or give me death or liberty.
Or give me, &c.

M 2

The

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us;
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum;
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em?
 No!—every Briton's song should be,
 Or give me death or liberty.
 Or give me, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes, when toils and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Duenna.

HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd
 I ne'er could injure you;
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.

To you no foul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

And when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Quaker.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the dow'r,
 With his mate shall the sports have begun:
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
 bow'r,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can
 blame?—

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
 same,

Believe me thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.

SONG.

A Naval Song.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
 Recorded be for ever, the famous ninety-two!
 Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,

The lofty sails of France advancing now;
 All hands aloft, aloft,—let English valour shine;
 Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line:
 Let ev'ry man supply his gun;

Follow me,
 And you'll see
 That the battle will soon be won.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
 To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
 He led a noble train of heroes bold,

To sink the English Admiral and his fleet.
 Now ev'ry valiant mind to victory doth aspire;
 The bloody fight's begun, and the sea is all on fire;
 And

And mighty Fate stood looking on;
 Whilst a flood,
 All of blood,
 Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smoke and fire, disturbing the air,
 With thunder and wonder, affright the galleys there:
 Their regulated band stood trembling near,
 To see their lofty streamers, now no more:
 At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victor led,
 To give the second blow—the fatal overthrow:
 Now death and horror equal reign;
 Now they cry,
 Run or die:
 British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands;
 One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
 In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands:
 The nymphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate:
 For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,
 From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
 Enough, thou mighty god of war!
 Now we sing,
 Bless the King!
 Let us drink to every British tar.

S O N G.

Sung in the Duenna.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,
 (Nor wilt thou that fond boast disown)
 Thou would'st not lose Anthonio's love,
 To reign the partner of a throne.

M 4

And

And by those lips that spoke so kind,
 And by that hand I prest to mine,
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine !

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, at Vauxhall.

A GAIN Britannia smile !
 Smile at each threat'ning foe !
 To save this drooping isle,
 See Rodney strikes the blow !
 For Rodney quickly will regain
 Thy sovereign o'er the main.

Against thee treach'rous foes,
 And false allies combine ;
 But vainly they oppose,
 If Rodney still is thine ;
 For gallant Rodney will maintain
 The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main !
 Long may he victor prove !
 Rewards still sure to gain
 Of King and people's love :
 For gallant Rodney will maintain
 The British empire o'er the main.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Bow Wow Wow.**Written by Captain Morris.**And sung by Mr. Hooke, at the Anacreontic Society.*

SIT down neighbours all, and I'll tell a merry story,
 About a British farmer and Billy P—tt, the tory.
 I had it pipping hot from Ebenezer Barber,
 Who fail'd right from England, and lies in Boston
 harbour.

Bow wow wow, fal la de iddy iddy,
 Bow wow, wow.

This Billy he is call'd Britannia's prime ruler,
 Tho' he's but a puppet that's held out to fool her!
 His name is a passport to get in old finners;
 So he deals the cards, that the knaves may be winners!
 Bow wow wow, &c.

He was bred up a Whig, but with Nabobs to thrive,
 Sir;
 Who have votes in the House, about two out of five
 Sir;
 He gave up the people, and vow'd to his scandal,
 They should seek for their bread without day-light or
 candle.

Bow wow wow, &c.

M 5

Now

Now it hap'd to the country he went for a blessing,
 And from the State Dad to get a new lesson.
 He went to Dad Jenky, by Trimmer Hal attended;
 In such company, good lack! how his morals must
 be mended!

Bow wow wow, &c.

This Harry was always a staunch friend to Boston;
 His bowels are soft, for they yearn'd for Indostan.
 If I had him in our township, I'd feather him and tar
 him;
 With forty lacking one too, I'd lame him and I'd scar
 him.

Bow wow wow, &c.

With his skin full of wine, and his head full of state
 tricks,
 Sham reforms, commutations, and the rest of his late
 tricks,
 He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,
 And, both drunk as pipers, they knock'd their heads
 together.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Now so it fell out, that this pair were benighted,
 And drove out of the road; so the statesman alighted:
 And to get in again away scrambl'd they, Sir,
 To find the back road unto the King's highway, Sir.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Long lost in the dark were these lights of the nation;
 But stumbled at last to a small habitation;
 To which they march'd up, while the fowls, in con-
 fusion,
 Thought their lives were aimed at by this bold intru-
 sion!

Bow wow wow, &c.

The

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd, and fore Billy baited:
The wife she cried out, " We be all ruinated !"
Then straightway she snatch'd up the vessel she p—d
in,

To pour on the head of this darkling Philistine,
Bow wow wow, &c.

The husband awak'd, by her rage and her screaming,
And shrewdly supposing his wife might be dreaming;
To make matters short, snatch'd his gun in a fury,
And cried, " Sons of Belial ! I've got what will cure
" ye."

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Billy began for to make an oration,
As oft times he had done to bamboozle the nation;
But Hodge cried, " Begone, or I'll crack thy young
" crown for't :"
" Thou belong'st to a rare gang of rogues, I'll be
bound for't."

Bow wow wow, &c.

• Now Hodge, quoth the wife, " don't you mind his
loud bant'ring;
• For certain he has under his coat a dark lanthorn.
• Shut the gate of the court, if he once gets within it,
• He'll whip up the *back-stairs*, I'll be bound in a
minute."

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then the wife she went on— Can you go for to say
now,
• Any good upon earth made thee take this bye-
way now ?
• Thou can'st to get foot in the house; that's the
plan on't;
• And so let in thy gang, to make what they can
on't."

Bow wow wow, &c.

' Don't you hear how the brazen-fac'd rogue now
' pretends, man ?

' He crept up in the dark, but for virtuous ends,
' man !

' He says he's our friend ! but it's no such a thing,
' man,

' The impudent dog would say to the King, man !'

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Billy perceiving the wife in a fury,
And knowing his deeds would not stand woman's jury;
Felt the spirit of Jenky a dangerous potion;
And roar'd out to Harry to speak for the motion.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then Harry stepped up : but Hodge shrewdly supposing
His part was to steal, whilst the other was proing,
Let fly at poor Billy, and shot thro' his lac'd coat :
Oh ! what pity 'twas it did not hit his waistcoat !

Bow wow wow, &c.

Solid men of Boston make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston banish strong potations;
Solid men of Boston, go to bed at sun-down,
And never lose your way, like the loggerheads in
London.

Bow wow wow, &c.

S O N G.

The Treaty of Commerce.

Sung at Willis's Rooms.

TROTH, mister John Bull, you're a pretty
milch cow,
O! what do you think of us volunteers now ?

Sure

Sure I told you, the work we kick'd up in the State,
Before it was finish'd would all be complete.

With my Ballinamona ora, Ballinamona ora,
Ballinamona ora, the treaty of commerce for me.

Troth, I told you last year, if you call it to mind,
What we left you before we would not leave behind;
And was'nt I right now, by hook or by crook;
For all that we left you, is all that we took.

With my Ballinamona, &c.

But 'twas deadly good-natur'd in you, to lay down,
With the wrongs of our trade, all the rights of your
own!

'Twas a mighty home stroke of magnanimous pride,
To break your own back, for the thorn in your side?

With my Ballinamona, &c.

Oh! like fools, we despair'd that our terms would
go down!

Or such sharp propositions be sweet to the crown:
Then how pleasing to find your proud stomachs to fall!
When we'd thrown 'em up first, that you swallow'd
them all!

With my Ballinamona, &c.

Sure, I heard Master Orde now relate, in his place,
All your bountiful gifts of superfluous grace:
Jafus! how we all star'd, while he emptied his sconce!
To find such a big bag of blessings at once!

With my Ballinamona, &c.

Oh! the brave British subject! his looks were so
sweet,
When he laid down your case and your trade at your
feet;

And the comments he made too, the wise little elf,
To shew us that Britain's no friend to herself!

With my Ballinamona, &c.

Troth

Troth it pleas'd him, he said, (could a Briton say
more?)

That the trade of your country would shift to our shore;
And that England's disasters had sunk her so low,
That the tidings he brought us would finish the blow!
With my Ballinamona, &c.

'Twould have bother'd my head now, the words
Pitt let fall,
When you gave us so much, you gave nothing at all!
But in Dublin I heard this interpreter swear,
That nothing in England, means every thing there!
With my Ballinamona, &c.

But your Minister says now, we've got all we can,
The two States must be join'd on a permanent plan:
By my shoul, he's a joiner of notable cast,
Who loosens all ties now to bind us more fast.
With my Ballinamona, &c.

And he says, when all duties and drawbacks are paid,
That the navy will want what we make in our trade;
Troth, she will want it all, now he's right on that
score;
And she'll want it, God help her, for ever and more.
With my Ballinamona, &c.

If you wish now to know how our cards we have
play'd,
Why we took up our clubs, and we threw down our
spade;
So ye dealt us all trumps now for that very thing,
And so Pam became civil, as well as our King.

S O N G.

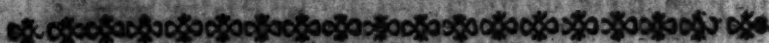
Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprise.

O F all the pretty flowers,
A cowslip's my delight:
With that I'd pass my hours,
Both morning, noon, and night.
To be sure I would, &c.

This cowslip smell'd so sweetly,
And look'd so fresh and gay,
Says I, you're dress'd so neatly,
We'll have a little play.
To be sure we will, &c.

One evening in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the shelf;
I kiss'd the pretty fairy,
And then lay down myself..
To be sure I did, &c.

This flower one morning early,
Upon a bed did rest;
I lov'd to pull it dearly,
And stick in my breast.
To be sure I could, &c.



S O N G.

The Four Nations.

IN vain do poets strive to sing
 The hero, patriot, and king,
 That blest'd Great Britain's isle;
 The task's too great for any one,
 Except a Homer or Milton;
 All want both words and style.

Englishman.

Hark! how the drums and trumpets sound,
 While Englishmen are bravely crown'd
 With laurels every where;
 See, meagre, frightened, Frenchmen run,
 From thund'ring, roaring, English gun;
 To shun death and despair.

See, crowds of volunteers, each day,
 Who sing to Granby haste away,
 Our honour to maintain;
 Convince Monfieurs that we are free,
 In church, in state, in liberty;—
 Lords of the land and main.
 But who comes here that wears the leek?
 Methinks a Welchman, let hur speak;
 Old Briton, what d'ye say?—

Welchman.

Why, hur name it is Taffy, and look ye here now,
 Hur's left hur own wife, hur own son, and hur cow;
 And hur wish hur may never go home to hur house,
 Till hur makes the French dogs shit so small as a mouse.

For

For a Welchman ne'er live at home at hur ease,
While Frenchmen do rob hur of hur putter and cheese:
For Shienkin ap Morgan and David ap Shones,
Wére never yet fearful of breaking their pones.

Yes, Taffy will fight, cotsputter a-nails,
For hur King and hur Queen, and hur own Prince of
Wales;

And Sayney will help hur, whose heart will ne'er fail,
To fight with a broad sword as long as a flail.

Scotchman.

Breethers what are ye about?
Wha' the deel makes aw this rout?
O'er the seas, and o'er the lands,
Cheer up my lads, gie me your hands:
In me yon fall a brother find,
De'el dam me an' I stay behind;
My braid sword fall gie them law,
O'er the hills and far awa'.

When we meet Frenchmen face to face,
They rin awa', we gie them chace;
Wha' pursue them like the lads
That wear the bonnets, swords and plaids?
Fou' or empty, drunk or dry;
O'er valleys low, or mountains high;
In summer's heat, in frost or snaw,
We always gar them rin awa'.

Then gie's a cogue and let us sing
Our soldiers, sailors, and our King. —

Irishman.

Irishman.

And Teague bears a chorus, who never did fail
To fight for Old England—sing Granny wale!

Musha tal de rol, lol lol de rol, lorral lol la.

Whack tal de ral, &c.

Agas fal de ral, &c.

Besides farrel lol lol, &c.

King George wears my harp, and the crown on his
shield;

I'm the first in the battle, the last in the field;
And Frenchmen swear, nothing can fright a brigade,
So much, as the face of a true honest Teague.

Musha tal de rol, &c.

I value no Sackville, no shitfack, or louse,
Who strove to break open my mother's old house;
For Minden has proved him a rogue to his face;
Makaak mal a Malak is now in disgrace.

Musha tal de rol, &c.

Then give's a drink, and let's drink all four
To lick the French King for a son of a whore;
We'll make him cry out *Marbleau*, to his shame,
Or *Whil-lil-alow*, and that's all the same.

Musha tal de rol, &c.

SONG

Nunc Tempus est Bilendum.

NOW we're free from College Rules,
From Common place-book reason,
From trifling syllogistic schools,
And systems out of season:

Never

Never more we'll have defin'd,
 If matter thinks, or thinks not,
 All the matter we shall mind,
 Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Tho' we by metaphysics trace,
 The mind or soul abstracted;
 And prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected:
 Yet better souls we can't become
 By immaterial thinking;
 And as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum—vacuum—minus—plus,
 Are learned words and rare too,—
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those who please may hear too.—
 A plenum in our wine we flew,
 With plus, and plus behind, sir,
 And when our cash is minus, low,
 A vacuum soon we find, sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Dane Tycho's error proving,
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—
 The earth round Sol is moving;
 But which goes round, what's that to us?
 Each is, perhaps, a motion;
 With earth and sun we make no fuss,
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd,
 By superstition's fury;
 Antipodeans were abus'd
 By ignoramus jury;

But

But, feet to feet, we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy;
 For when we're drunk, probatum est,
 We're tumbling topsy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And different colours knew, fir;
 Don't let us disturb our heads,—
 We will but study two, fir;
 White and red our glasses boast,
 Reflection and refraction;
 After him we name our toast,—
 "The centre of attraction."

On that Thesis we'll declaim,
 With stratum, super stratum;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis Nature's postulatum.
 Wine, in nature next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em;
 First though; physically prove,
 Nunc tempus est bibendum.

A New SONG.

The Wishes of the Heart.

YOUNG Sally, pride of all the plain,
 Was woo'd by every neighbouring swain,
 Each own'd the pleasing smart;
 But Edward was the youth she lov'd,
 She felt the flame, and felt—approv'd
 The wishes of the heart.

No less enamour'd was the youth,
 His passion was replete with truth,

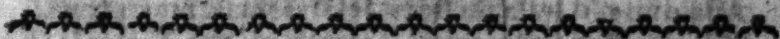
He

He lov'd devoid of art;
Often with joy he own'd the flame,
To speak (the youth was not too blame)
The wishes of his heart.

One eve as thro' the grove he stray'd,
He spy'd his Sally, lovely maid,
Preparing to depart;
Oh stay, lov'd girl! the shepherd cry'd,
Hear my sad tale, and don't deride
The wishes of my heart.

With tender eye she view'd the swain,
To hide her love she thought was vain,
But bow to cupid's dart;
She blush'd consent, with look so sweet,
As bid the shepherd to repeat
The wishes of his heart.

He bless'd the mandate, own'd loves hour,
Conjur'd her in this happy hour
That they might never part;
She smil'd, at church they soon were blest,
And now the lovers both possess
The wishes of their hearts.



S O N G.

The Virgin's First Love.

HOW sweet is the joy when our blushes impart
The youthful affection which glows in the heart,
When prudence and duty and reason approve,
The timid delight of the Virgin's First Love.

But if the fond Virgin be destin'd to feel,
A passion she must in her bosom conceal,

Let

I let a stern parent's anger the flame disapprove,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's First Love?

If stolen the glance by which Love is confess'd,
If the sigh when half-heav'd be with terror suppress'd;
If the whisper of passion cold caution must move,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's First Love.

Or if her fond bosom with tenderness sighs
For a lover, who ceases her passion to prize,
Forgetting the vows with which warmly he strove
To gain the soft charms of the Virgin's First Love.

If tempted by int'rest he ventures to shun
The gentle affections his tenderness won,
With another thro' passion's wild mazes to rove,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's First Love?

See her eye, when the tale of his treach'ry she hears,
Now beaming with scorn, and now glist'ning with
tears;
How great is the anguish she's fated to prove!
Farewell the delight of the Virgin's First Love.

No more sweet emotion shall glow on her cheek,
But paleness her bosom's keen agony speak,
And dimm'd by affliction that eye shall now prove,
Which spoke the mild warmth of the Virgin's First
Love.

And now, said companion of mental distress,
Disease steals upon her in health's flatt'ring dress;
Sure the blush on that cheek ev'ry fear must remove,
Ah no! 'tis the effects of the Virgin's First Love.

Still brighter's the colour which glows on her cheek,
Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak;
Yet vain are the hopes these appearances move,
Fond parent! they spring from the Virgin's First Love.

And

And now, not unconscious that death hovers near,
On her face see the smiles of contentment appear;
No struggle, no groan, his dread summons to prove,
He ends the fond dream of the Virgin's First Love.

Ye nymphs! ere your bosoms with tenderness heave,
Let your choice from a glad sanction receive,
Lest hopeless affection's keen anguish you prove,
And Hymen ne'er smile on the Virgin's First Love.

But chiefly beware that the much-savour'd youth
Is wholly devoted to you and to truth,
Lest the anguish of slighted affection you prove,
And death end the dream of the Virgin's First Love.

A New SONG.

The Happy Shepherd.

WITH the Sun I rise at morn,
Haste my flock to yonder mead,
By the fields of yellow corn;
These my gentle lambs I feed,
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe, and play.

Laura too oft joins the strain,
Calls the wand'rer to his mate,
Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,
And make the troubled heart elate,
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe, and play.

Tho' no splendour decks my cot,
With my lass I live content,
May it be my happy lot
Thus to love, and ne'er repent;
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe, and play.

SONG

S O N G.

*The Silver-ton'd Trumpet.**Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.*

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to
arms,

Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms;
Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind;
For how could I leave the dear charmer behind!
Yet the rage of the battle with courage I try'd,
Surviv'd, while the heroes fell fast by my side;
Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.
Now olive-rob'd peace kind advances again,
And her blessing dispenses wide over the plain;
Return'd to Eliza, we join'd in the throng,
Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting song;
Each rural amusement with rapture we try,
While the beams of contentment are form'd in each
eye:

Love stood my protector in all the alarms,
While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.
What mortal like me so transcendantly blest,
When clasp'd by the charmer with joy to her breast?
The laurel of conquest I give to the wind—
'Tis nought without love and honour combin'd;
But when thus united, how noble the name!
That envy must wait on so happy a fame;
Love stood my protector in all my alarms,
While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

A NEW SONG.

The Jew Pedlar:

COME buy my sticks of sealing wax,
 And rollers for your hair, fir;
 See here's perfume free from the tax,
 I've a licence from Lord Mayor, fir;
 Here's buckles, buttons, and watch chains,
 Come buy so low I rate 'em;
 Here's balls from cloaths to take out stains,
 And here's scented pomatum,

Here's some nice pencils of black lead,
 They're Solomon's, I swear, fir;
 And here is rings for those that wed,
 They're gold, I do declare, fir;
 Breast pins with devices compleat,
 Knives, scissars, and watch keys, fir;
 And here's stone rings that look quite neat,
 And buckles for your knees, fir.

Come do not hesitate, but buy,
 I've many things to sell, fir;
 I will not rate my goods too high,
 Believe, I'll use you well, fir;
 And if to you my toys I sell,
 With pleasure in my face, fir;
 I'll thank ye with a glad farewell,
 And hie home to Duke's place, fir.

S O N G.

The London Mercer.

Sung by Mr. Edwin in Two to One.

A Mercer I am in very good stile,
Neat and pretty by jingo !
I bow and smirk,
I noddle and jerk,
Then prick up and perk,
And simper and smile ;
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo !
Lord I am quite the thing !
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo !

At Bagnigge Wells sometimes I sip tea,
At Islington sip good stingo :
I shut up my shop,
And out of town pop,
Thence dance at a hop ;
He ! he ! he ! he ! he !
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo !
A'nt I quite the thing ?
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo !

A COMIC S O N G,

The City Corporation.

YE bucks who so oft at the city have sneer'd,
Because round their table you never appear'd.
Attend to a brother, whose aim is at least,
To give at their cost a prodigious fine feast.

Derry down, &c.
The

The mouth is the place my friends let me tell ye,
That leads on to silence the grumbling belly,
For the belly's a place to deposit a meal,
With the wide op'ning mouth 'tis convenient to seal.

Derry down, &c.

Mayor, Alderman, Commons, for once all agree,
From discord, abuse, and e'en dulness quite free,
Tho' strange, this is fact, and I'll tell you the cause,
They are met like good friends, for the good of their
maws.

Derry down, &c.

The old charter of stuffing so much at free cost,
Being lately expos'd, and of course nearly lost,
They begin to discover provisions are dear,
And the reason they'd trace of the ills they most fear,

Derry down, &c.

To give those a reason, my friend is but kind,
Whose eyes at length open'd, to reason long blind,
Now weep with contrition repenting the past,
Content to do penance, tho' dreading to fast.

Derry down, &c.

Not so plain is the nose on the Alderman's face,
Which the big bloated cheeks, scarce permit one to
trace,

As the cause why provisions of all kinds grow dear,
As the means of averting the evil they fear.

Derry down, &c.

While at breakfast the food each swell bellied block,
Is three pound of lambs fry, and two quarts of hock,
And each meal thro' the day, takes an adequate heap.
How the devil my friends can provisions be cheap?

Derry down, &c.

If in earnest they are, let the glutt'nous elves,
This moment begin a reform on themselves,

That the world may no longer have reason to fear,
What they meet to make cheap, they still eat to make
dear.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

The Sailor's Relief.

Tune, Come listen to my Ditty.

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Messmates heave a hand with me,
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea:
O'er the wide wave-swell'ing ocean,
Toss'd aloft, or tumbled low;
As to fear, 'tis all a notion,
When our time's come, we must go.

Tune, Life is chequered.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,
Down top-gallants, down be hauling,
Down your stay-sails hand, boys, hand;
Now set the braces.
Don't make wry faces,
But the lee top sail sheets let go;
Starboard here,
Larboard there
Turn your quid,
Take a swear,
Yo! yo! yo!

First

First Tune again.

Oh! ye landsmen, idle lying
 All along-side beauty's charms,
 Safe in soft beds, seas defying,
 Free from all but love's alarms.
 While on billows, billows rolling,
 Death appears in every form,
 On no ladies laps we're rolling,
 No kind kifs can calm the storm.

But loud peals-on peals are clashing,
 Through rift rocks, the shrill wind shrieks;
 In our eyes fierce lightning flashing,
 Scorch the sails, and stench the decks.
 Bursting clouds upon us pouring,
 Black, o'erspread the face of day,
 Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,
 Fiery skies the sparkling spray.

High, the tossing tempest heaves us,
 Tow'rd's the pole aloft we go,
 While the clouds seem to receive us,
 Dreadful yawns the gulph below.
 In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,
 Down we sink from sight of sky,
 By the swell as instant up thrown,
 Hark! what means yon dismal cry!

The foremast's gone, yells some sad tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck,
 Quick the lanyards cut in pieces,
 Come my hearts be stout and bold,
 Plumb the well the leak increases—
 Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing,
 Warring waves around us foam,
 For the worst, while we're preparing,
 Nature shrinks, and sighs for home:
 There our babes perhaps are saying,
 In their little lisping strain,
 As round their mother's knees they're playing,
 Daddy soon will come again.

Tune, Early one morn a jolly young Tar.

If we must die, why die we must,
 'Tis a birth in which all must belay mun,
 When our debt's due, for death won't trust,
 Then all hands be ready to pay mun.
 As to life's striking its flag, never fear,
 Our cruize is out, that's all my brother,
 In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no near,
 So let's ship ourselves off for another.

Tune, The first again.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
 To the pumps come ev'ry hand,
 See her mizen mast is going,
 On the lee beam lies the land.
 Rising rocks appear before us,
 Hopeless, yet for help we call,
 Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,
 To the storm's fell power we fall.

Now dismay, with aspect horrid,
 Swells each sleepless eye with tears;
 And despair, with bristly forehead,
 On each bloodless face appears.
 Sadly we view the ruthless wave—
 O'erwhelming seas roll mountain high;
 The swell comes on, our watery grave.—
 Hark! what means yon happy cry!

The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shorn.
 Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,
 We'll again lead sailors lives;
 Come, the cann boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts, and our wives.



S O N G.

Fortitude.

THAT noble passion fortitude,
 A Briton still will claim;
 For ever when in servitude,
 T'add honour to his name;
 From every danger he is arm'd,
 From every fear he's free;
 By freedom is his bosom warmed,
 And joys in liberty.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Davies, in Two to One.

THERE is a chambermaid lives in the South,
 So tight, so light, so neat, so gay, so handy—o!
 Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little mouth
 Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o!

Never could I clasp the waste of Sukey, Sal, or Peg,
 Their arms so red, their ugly legs so bandy—o!
 But slim and taper is the waist; the neat and pretty
 leg
 Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy o!

N 4

Tippet

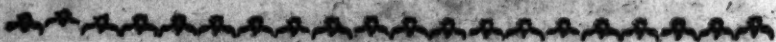
Tippet of the South, if she gives me but a smile,
Cheers the cockles of my skipping heart like
brandy—o!

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one
beguile,

But take her altogether, she's the dandy—o!

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one
beguile;

And Tippet's little total is the dandy—o!



A New Hunting SONG.

THIS morning Aurora peep'd over the hills,
And the frost had deserted the meadows and rills,
And the heart chearing horn did enliven the hound,
Who with nostrils extended snuff'd over the Ground.
We mounted our horses devoid of all care,
For no pleasure can equal the chase of the hare.

To the chase we have been unattended by fear,
For friendship was present when danger was near;
With joy and delight the fleet hare we pursue,
What music can equal the hounds in a view;
When shouts and rejoicings then rended the air,
With the cry of the hounds at the death of the hare.

Then the morn it is passed, in the evening we join,
In mirth and good fellowship, freedom and wine;
No disputes at our meeting shall ever appear,
No scoundrel partake of our temperate cheer;
But hearts fill'd with joy, we merrily sing,
Success to our country, and health to our king.

SONG.

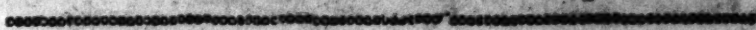


S O N G.

Sung in Artaxerxes.

IN infancy, our hopes and fears
Were to each other known:
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one.

Oh, clear him, then, from this offence,
Thy love, thy duty prove;
Restore him, with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.



S O N G.

The Charms of Indolence.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
Obsequious to the muse and me:
For once endure the pain to think,
O sweet insensibility!
Sister of peace and indolence,
Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and flow:
Elaborately void of sense.
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow:

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
There let me doze away dull hours;
And under me let Flora spread
A sopha of her choicest flow'rs;

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe,
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine,
 While murmurs of the stream beneath
 Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O idleness! the woes
 Of life we patiently endure!
 Thou art the source whence labour flows,
 We shun thee but to make thee sure:
 For who would bear war's toil and waste,
 Or who the thunders of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee?

S O N G.

Sung in the Strangers at Home.

YOUNG Roger the ploughman, who wanted a
 mate,
 Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate;
 With nosegay so large, in his holiday cloaths,
 (His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.
 Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he:
 So he bow'd, and he star'd, and he let his hat fall;
 Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said nothing
 at all.

If aukward the swain, no less aukward the maid;
 She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-string play'd,
 'Till the old folks impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed that Roger and Kate should be one.
 In silence the young ones both nodded assent;
 Their hands being join'd, to be married they went,
 Where they answer'd the parson with voices so small,
 You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing
 at all. But

But mark what a change—in the course of a week,
Kate quite left off blushing—Roger boldly could
speak ;

Could joke with his dreary, laugh loud at the jest ;
She could coax too and fondle as well as the best ;
And asham'd of past folly they've often declar'd,
To encourage young folks who at courtship are scar'd,
If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,
When once you are us'd to't 'tis nothing at all.

S O N G.

Sung in the Strangers at Home.

GOOD Sir, in vain you bend your brow,
And look so queer, I know not how,
And set your arms a kimbo ;
My laughter you now provoke,
Oh! oh! oh! oh!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
So pleasant is the joke.

If, sir, I choose to try my skill
Of fencing soon you'd have your fill ;
But mighty Signior Whiskers,
With you I won't engage,
Oh! oh! oh! oh!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
A fig for all your rage.

Nay, prithee friend, don't draw your sword ;
I shan't draw mine upon my word ;
Nor could I fight for laughing,
Were I to look at you :
Oh! oh! oh! oh!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
And so sweet sir, adieu.

S O N G.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

THE Spring with smiling face is seen,
To usher in the May ;
And nature clad in mantle green,
All sprig'd with flow'rets gay :
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Then join in harmony and love.

The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,
Low builds her humble nest ;
The rambling boy that finds the prize,
Is sure supremely blest :
For when the tuneful bird is flown,
He hastes, and marks it for his own

S O N G.

Ben and Kate of Invermay, by Mr. Upton.

Ben.

“FAREWELL, sweet Kate,” the sailor cry’d
“ War calls your Ben away ;
“ When peace returns, I’ll make my bride
“ Sweet Kate of Invermay,”

Kate.

“ Farewell, my Ben,” fair Kate reply’d,
“ Since honour wills it so ;
“ May angels o’er thy fate preside,
“ And shield thee from each foe !”

Ben.

Ben.

- " I thank thee, Love—and now no fear
" Can reach thy sailor's heart ;
" (Save only one, my beauteous dear)
" 'Tis, Kate—we now must part."

Kate.

- " Far be't from me to bid thee stay,
" When battle calls to arms!
" Britannia bids thee, Ben, away,
" Quell Albion's dread alarms."

Ben.

- " She doth—but must I leave my Kate
" Without one parting kiss?
" Forbid it, Heav'n! forbid it, Fate!
" Take this—and this—and this."

She press'd her balmy lips to his,
And took a fond adieu ;
He flies—returns—and crowns their bliss,
Serves Love—and Honour too.

Sweet fair, ne'er check the glowing youth
When Honour calls away,
So shall your loves be crown'd with truth,
Like those of Invermay.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Choleric Fathers.

WHEN o'er the world the heedless lamb
Hath, 'till the dusky twilight, stray'd,
His simple plains cry'd, "here I am,
"Of night and solitude afraid."

But if far off his dam he hears,
Echoing oft the mournful bleat,
He runs and stops, and hopes and fears,
And bounds with pleasure when they meet.

S O N G.

Sung in Fontainebleau.

LET fame sound the trumpet, and cry "to the
war!"

Let glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile on their pain.
The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl;
On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love!
What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,
And riot the pleasure of wine:
What riches but trouble? and titles a name,
But friendship and love are divine!

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in Too Civil by Half.

WHEN order first from Chaos sprung,
Fair England blooming came,
And ancient bards their lyres strung,
To found its rising fame.

Chorus. When British cannons roar,
Against proud France and Spain,
From shore to shore,
Great Britain rules the main.

Health led her sons throughout the isle,
And round its fertile land;
The ocean made its subjects smile,
Her commerce to command.

When British, &c.

S O N G.

Blue-ey'd Patty.

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing:
Old Chevy-chace, God save the King,
Fair Rosamond, and Sawney Scor,
Lillibullero, and what not:

All these would sing my blue-ey'd Patty,
As with her pail she trudg'd along,
While still the burden of my song,
My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

But nipping frosts, and chilling rain,
Too soon, alas! choak'd ev'ry strain;

Too

Too soon, alas! the miry way
 Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
 And hoarse was heard my blue-ey'd Patty;
 While I for very mad did cry,
 Ah! could I but again, said I,
 Hear the sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty!

Love taught me how: I work'd, I sang;
 My anvil glow'd, my hammer rang,
 'Till I had form'd from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
 Again was heard each tuneful close,
 My fair one in the patten rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

S O N G.

Lucy, the Fair Queen of Hearts.

Sung by Mr. Inledon, at Vauxhall.

FAREWELL to the park and the play,
 Farewell the assembly and ball,
 Ye parties so frolic and gay;
 With pleasure farewell to you all.
 No joys can I now find in wine,
 Shot through with fly Cupid's keen darts,
 My freedom well pleas'd I resign,
 To Lucy the fair Queen of Hearts.
 For Lucy I sigh, for Lucy I die,
 For Lucy, the fair Queen of Hearts.

Tho' beauties are plenty I own,
 Regardless I view their dull charms,
 Nor beauty cou'd conquer alone,
 But beauty and merit disarms.

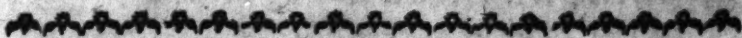
Inspid

Inspid to me all their faces,
 In vain they play off all their arts,
 Compar'd to the numberless graces
 Of Lucy, the fair Queen of Hearts.

For Lucy I sigh, &c.

She listens to all that I say,
 She blushes whenever we meet,
 Tho' with others she's lively and gay,
 With me she is grave and discreet.
 To church then I'll lead my fair bride,
 And scorning deceitful base arts,
 Still happy whate'er may betide,
 With Lucy, the fair Queen of Hearts.

For Lucy I sigh, &c.



S O N G.

Come Kiss Me Said He.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Damon was whistling brisk and gay,
 With waistcoat so red and stockings so grey,
 Just merrily come from the fair,
 He met pretty Sue in the way,
 Come kiss me, said he,
 I won't, said she,
 You're bold, and I hate you, I do declare:

He offer'd a ribbon her hair to bind,
 Dear Susan come kiss, and in pity be kind,
 Or I'll hang in a fit of despair;
 Despair, cried the maiden, is blind,
 Then kiss me, says he,
 I won't, says she,
 You think that I love you, I don't I declare.

Shall we go to the parson, he roguishly said,
 She curtsied, cried yes, blush'd and held down her
 head,

With a look that dispell'd all his care;
 For she found that he wish'd her to wed.

Well, kifs me, says he,
 I will, says she,
 I'll kifs when we're wed, not till then I declare.



S O N G.

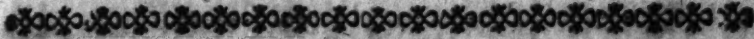
How often must I ask Ye.

YOUNG Willy woo'd me long in vain,
 In ev'ry place he met me,
 Ah, do you love me, said the swain,
 How often must I ask ye?

I hardly could my love deny,
 For love him I did really,
 Why no you foolish swain, said I,
 How often must I tell ye?

Ah, must I then avoid your view,
 Ah, must I always shun ye,
 Then tell me, O my dearest Sue,
 How often must I ask ye?

At length he ask'd my hand, and cried,
 Ah, dearest, do you love me?
 Why yes, said I, and softly sigh'd,
 How often must I tell ye?



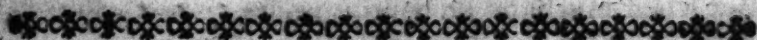
S O N G.

Sung in Richard Cœur de Lion.

LET me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you comply,
 I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny,
 Kind Sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
 To hail with glee our wedding day,
 All on the green, with garlands fresh and fair,
 Oh! what delight, wou'd you our pastimes share.
 With dance and song,
 We'll join the throng,
 And banish every care;
 For such a theme,
 Tho' young I seem,
 Yet sing I may one tender lay,
 Oh! Love, O! gentlest pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

You see, my dear father, tho' young I can please,
 The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease:
 Yes, yes, I'm sure, he can't say nay,
 We all shall keep this holiday:
 Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance,
 If you but think to Julia to advance,
 Altho' not yet
 Tall as Laurette,
 I think you'll own I can dance,
 Will sprightly step
 I'll bound, I'll leap,
 And sing all day
 That happy lay,
 Of Love, O! gentle pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

SONG.



S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Forster, in Inkle and Yarico.

TH^{O'} lovers, like marksmen, all aim at the heart,
Some hit wide of the mark, as we wenches all
know;

But of all the bad shots, he's the worst in the art
Who shoots at a pigeon and kills a crow—O ho!
Your master has kill'd a crow.

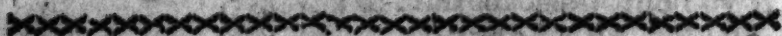
When youngsters go out, the first time in our lives,
At random they shoot, and let fly as they go;
So our master unskill'd how to level at wives,
Has shot at a pigeon, and kill'd a crow.

O ho, &c.

Love and money thus wasted, in terrible trim!
His powder is spent, and his shot running low:
Yet the pigeon he miss'd, I've a notion with him
Will never, for such a mistake, pluck a crow.

No! no!

Your master may keep his crow.



S O N G.

Sung in Richard Cœur de Lion.

OH! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide,
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats and trembles too.

But

But when my hand he gently presses,
 A struggling fight I fear confesses,
 Ah! more than blushes could impart,
 And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my blushes hide,
 The truth to thee I wou'd confide,
 Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
 Whene'er his eyes I meet,
 I feel my heart begins to beat,
 It beats and trembles too.



S O N G.

Colin that lives in the Vale.

Sung by Miss Bertles, at Vauxhall.

JESSAMIN sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green;
 And the roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene.
 In a cottage retirement there lives
 Young Colin, and Phœbe the Fair;
 The blessings each other receives,
 In mutual enjoyment they share:
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're constant as Colin that lives in the vale.
 They're constant, &c.

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride:
 He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day;
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay:

And

And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
They're as constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

If her lover delighted appears,
The fair one partakes of his bliss ;
If dejected, she sooths all his cares,
And heals ev'ry pain with a kiss.
Ye swains, who're accusom'd to rove,
And each innocent fair one betray ;
From this pair learn the true joys of love,
And his dictates with honour obey,
Your passions, fond shepherds, will surely prevail,
If constant as Colin that lives in the vale.



S O N G.

Phebe of the Vale.

YOUNG William, frolicsome and gay,
Was crossing o'er a stile,
His heart and thoughts were blythe as May,
Unus'd to care and toil ;
His generous breast, by nature taught,
To list to others woes,
The widows 'plaints his feelings caught,
For who can them oppose.

Sweet Phebe tripping o'er the lawn,
Was notic'd by our swain,
She fill'd his breast soon with love's thorns,
He look'd and look'd again ;
Oh ! heav'n born maid, ah, prithee stay,
Let nature now prevail ;
Tell me your name, the nymph did say,
'Tis Phebe of the vale.

The

Then gentle Phebe quick infill
 Some pity in your breast ;
 What throbbing pains mine now do fill,
 Indeed 'tis robb'd of rest ;
 Never 'till now sweet lovely maid,
 Did love my breast assail ;
 Ah ! don't sincerity upbraid,
 Sweet Phebe of the Vale.

Ah, no she cry'd, forbid it love
 That I should cruel be ;
 There is but one my breast can move,
 " And that sweet youth is thee ;"
 What joys, says William, fills my breast,
 Since nature will prevail ;
 For every virtue is possess'd,
 By Phebe of the vale.

S O N G.

The Contented Peasant.

THE dear domestic joys of life,
 Are worth a thousand others ;
 A tender mate, who love not strife,
 Kind sisters and good brothers.

No peevish passions break our peace,
 Or raise contentious storm ;
 But what we know will serve or please,
 Our ready hands perform.

We never saunter out by day,
 Or do our work by halves ;
 I mind the sheep, the corn and hay,
 My wife the cows and calves.

The

The field, the dairy, and the flock,
 Our honest wealth create;
 Our children, servants, and our stock,
 Are our affairs of state.

At op'ning day we greet the sun,
 And rise refresh'd and healthy;
 And find that 'tis by duty done,
 We grow both wise and wealthy.

Thus thro' a lengthen'd line of years,
 We've all our wishes crave;
 And blest with more than hopes or fears,
 We find a peaceful grave.

A New SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Olive, at the ROYAL CIRCUS.

WHEN my lov'd Ben went first to sea,
 What glory in his breast did burn,
 But my poor heart, griev'd at the shock,
 And wish'd in vain, he'd homeward turn.

My sorrow'd eyes ran down with tears,
 No more my cheeks with blushes glow,
 My grieving soul was fill'd with fears,
 My bursting breast did heave with woe.

At length content resum'd her sway,
 And lov'd reason my heart did turn,
 With hopes that I shou'd live the day,
 And see my sailor's safe return.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick, at the Anacreontic Society.

TO Anacreon, in heaven, where he sat in full
glee,

A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Gre-
cian :

“ Voice, fiddle and flute,

“ No longer be mute,

“ I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot :

“ And besides, I'll instruct you like me to entwine,

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew,

When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs :

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

“ Hark ! already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anac eon we'll fly ;

“ And there with good fellows, we'll learn to en-

“ twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

“ The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids

“ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee ;

“ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

“ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be :

“ My thunder, no fear on't,

“ Shall soon do its errand,

“ And d—n me, I'll swinge the ring-leaders, I
warrant ;

“ I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

O

Apollo

Apollo rose up, and said, " Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
 " Good king of the gods, with my vor'ries below;
 " Your thunder is useless: Then shewing his laurel,
 Cried, " *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!

" Then over each head,

" My laurel I'll spread,

" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 dread;

" Whilst, snug in their club-room, they jovially
 twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus rose up, with his risible phiz,
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join.

" The full tide of harmony still should be his,

" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh,
 shall be mine,

" Then, Jove, be not jealous

" Of these honest fellows:"

Cried Jove, " we relent, since the truth you now
 tell us:

" And swear by old Styx, that they long shall en-
 twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love:

'Tis your's to support what's so happily plan'd;

You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united, and free;

And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

A NEW SONG.

The Triumph of Bacchus.

[The Triumph of Venus, an elegant song, written by Captain Morris, gave rise to the following, in which it is attempted to transfer the wreath he had placed upon the brows of the Queen of Love, to the God of Wine.]

JOVE once from Olympus, his eyes cast on earth,
And for want of a something saw mortals repine,
Then Semele clasp'd, and to Bacchus gave birth,
Who descended from Heaven and planted the vine.

By a sanction so rare the stem flourish'd below,
And clusters impending, its tendrils soon grac'd,
Whose orbs gave the high-sparkling nectar to flow,
And the bev'rage of gods, men with rapture embrac'd.

Bacchus mark'd with delight as their lips met the bowl,
The lank scowling visage of envy grow clear;
Contention and discord take leave of the soul,
And the social affections in blossom appear.

The time-furrow'd sage, when the goblet he ey'd,
Bade science abstracted and study adieu;
With a swig the stern stoic subdued his pride,
And acknowledg'd the pleasures of sense to be true.

The poor ragged bard, who in epic had sung,
And in vain for a patron had varied his lays,
At the foot of the vine, threw his lyre unstrung,
And exchang'd for a wreath of the ivy his bays.

Her vot'ries no longer could Venus controul,
 When the vine's magic beams pierc'd the spell of
 her charms ;
 But forsaking her altar, they knelt to the bowl,
 Bacchus smil'd, and the proselytes hugg'd in his
 arms.

All those who partook of the banquet divine,
 Own'd the gift worthy Jove, and united agree,
 That fate's bitter-cup is made grateful with wine,
 And posterity since have confirm'd the decree.

As onward we jog through the mazes of life,
 Now elated with hope—now depressed with fears,
 'Tis the balm of the bottle that softens the strife,
 And even posterity's blessing endears.

In its bright sparkling stream is the magic combin'd,
 Which can sorrow and care from the bosom dis-
 place;
 Make the sunshine of gaiety float on the mind,
 And the smile of contentment to beam from the
 face.

Come then, jolly god, with thy goblets well stor'd,
 And while their soft powers my senses possess,
 Let the power of freedom a shelter afford,
 And friendship make sacred the blissful recess.

Each wish then complete, in possession of these,
 I never for riches or fame will contend :
 Nor e'er, partial fortune, arraign thy decrees,
 If you leave unmolested my bottle and friend.

S O N G.

The Fancy-stirring Bowl.

Sung at the Anacreontic Society.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And life's an endless treasure.
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires;
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling hope inspires.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking;
And magic grapes
Give angel shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here sweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may swim, yet true
Still to Nature's feeling,
Peace and beauty swim there to,
And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow, tender truth
Her penfive lesson taught me;
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wisdom wak'd and caught me.

A bargain then with love I knock'd,
 To hold the pleasing gipsy,
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
 But turn the key when tipsy.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,
 The grey-beard blind and simple,
 Forgot to cool one little part
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.
 That part's enough of beauty's type
 To warm an honest fellow,
 And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
 It melts still while I'm mellow.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voy'ge, we all declare,
 With scarce a port to hide in;
 It may be so to pride or care,
 That's not the sea I ride in:
 Here floats my soul, till fancy's eye
 Her realms of bliss discover,
 Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie,
 To him that's half seas over.
 Then who'd be grave, &c.



A NEW SONG.

Tune—"How imperfect is expression."

GEN'ROUS hearts, all ease despising,
 Prompted as the feelings move,
 From low int'rest nobly rising,
 Yield of purest faith and love.
 Chains, how fruitless to restrain them!
 Since a sigh can bid 'em fall;
 Art, how feeble to regain them!
 When they fly at Nature's call.

Helpless.

Helpless thus, and unsuspecting,
 When the linnet's captive made,
 To each beam its soul directing,
 Still it eyes the sylvan shade.
 From the gilded mansion turning,
 To where freedom gaily moves!
 Restless flutt'ring, inly mourning,
 Still it loaths the care it proves.



A NEW SONG.

The Beauteous Louisa.

Tune—"The High-mettled Racer."

SEE the Park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's
 begun,
 And right honor'd knaves boast of conquests they've
 won;

But view yon pale damsel, and mark her sad air,
 'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair;
 Nor spurn her, ye virgins, who shone like a sun,
 Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A titled despoiler this peerless maid found,
 And with specious pretences her innocence drown'd;
 But having grown weary and cloy'd of her charms,
 The titled seducer expell'd her his arms:
 E'en the conquest hard won he insults with his breath,
 Tho' the beauteous Louisa is pining to death.

Tho' numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
 The penitent victim against them has strove:
 Betray'd and abused by him she ador'd,
 She now only wishes her honor restor'd;
 But, alas! hapless fair one, thy wishes are vain,
 And the heart-broke Louisa is left to complain!

But

But chance, when the spoiler shall hear she's no more,
The fate of Louisa e'en he may deplore;
The breast that could spurn her may then heave a sigh,
And with the fair blossom still on it could lie;
But ah! then how fruitless his love-proffer'd terms,
When theauteous Louisa's a prey to the worms!



S O N G.

Dear Le Verrou.

Sung by Miss Poole, at Vauxhall.

I Once had a lover that try'd ev'ry art,
To make me believe he was honest at heart;
He call'd me his goddess, his joy and his dear—
To my chamber I flew, he follow'd me there:
In vain the pursuit, tho' he vow'd to prove true,
My only protection was dear Le Verrou!

In solitude oft flow'd the heart-grieving tear,
In vain was each sigh, for I scorn'd to give ear;
His sentiments feign'd, mere deception and plot,
He'd love me for ever—but marry me not;
So I bade him get hence, and no longer pursue—
The chamber-door shut—he sigh'd, oh, Le Verrou!

Thus men are all false, tho' by beauty inspir'd;
And virtue, true beauty, is seldom admir'd;
Old, ugly, decrepid, men call us all fair,
And will not dare wed, tho' to trifle they dare:
So to dear little love I now bid adieu,
Till Hymen himself shall remove Le Verrou.



S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in Marian.

HOW blest our condition, how jocund our day!
 Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
 To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
 To lead the stray'd lamb to the fold!

To fetch up the kine for the maiden we love,
 And guard her from noon's burning beam;
 To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro' the
 grove
 The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'erflows,
 To wait while she rests on the stile;
 To gather the king-cup, the woodbine or rose,
 To make her a posy the while.

'Tis Fanny the lovely who causes my smart,
 'Tis she does all maidens excel;
 If you ask her dear name who has conquer'd my heart,
 'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.
 'Tis Fanny, sweet Fanny,
 'Tis Fanny, the pride of the dell.



S O N G.

The Triumph of Venus.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the New Beef-steak Club.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
 Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
 When softer devotion the senses invite.

To

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;
 But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of reflection's the birth of all woe!

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone?
 For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart
 To few is imparted—to millions deny'd:
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
 And well can I speak of its joys and its strife:
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul;
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly god! from thy banquet remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by
 love.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

ON Entick's green meadows, where innocence
 reigns,
 Where pleasure and plenty for ever preside,
 I romp'd with the maidens and pretty young swains,
 And Ralph fancy'd soon he should call me his bride.
 When

When I first heard the drum, with a row, dow, dow,
 Its music was sweeter than soft serenade,
 I scorn'd all the rest for the row, dow, dow,
 And sigh'd for the captain with a smart cockade.

The first e'er I saw, he march'd over our green,
 His men all behind him, by two and by two;
 Such a sight in our village had never been seen,
 The men all in ranks were drawn out to view;
 When I first heard the drum, with a row, dow, dow,
 Young Cupid awak'd, such a bustle he made,
 My heart beat a march with a row, dow, dow,
 And went o'er to the captain with a smart cockade.

My face took his fancy—he swore at my feet,
 All his laurels he'd lay, if I'd give him my hand;
 No maid could refuse a lover so sweet,
 To the church then I march'd by the word of command;
 Now I follow the drum with a row, dow, dow,
 Nor e'er have repented the vow that I made:
 No music's to me like the row, dow, dow,
 No youth like the captain with a smart cockade.

S O N G.

Yarrow Vale.

Sung by Mrs. Iliff, at Vauxhall.

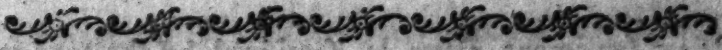
IN Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
 Where love and youth and beauty stray,
 Oft thro' the twilight's waving gleam
 Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way.
 She lov'd the meads, the tow'ring trees,
 The fanning of the western gale,
 Yet sigh'd for something still to please,
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
 Sweet pleasure reigns, the pensive said;
 Here shades indulge the shepherd's dream,
 And zephyrs sooth the slumb'ring maid;
 While I in languor range each grove,
 Lift'ning the lonely woodlark's wail,
 And the meads unheeded rove,
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
 Nature his friend—his guardian love,
 Colin, beneath the moon's soft beam,
 Had follow'd Mary thro' the grove:
 He look'd—she blush'd; he spoke—she sigh'd;
 No words are made to tell the tale.
 Oh! charming meads and groves, she cry'd,
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

END OF THE SONGS.



TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MAY the blossoms of friendship never be nip'd in the bud.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others, never shed a tear for its own.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the rock of deceit.

May the grammar of life be construed without the accidents.

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbour of content.

May the King always differ from a vicar's horse, not be guided by a minister.

When we fish for content, may we never want a bait.
The love of liberty, and the liberty of love.

May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

Punch in perfection.—The waters of life amended by the spirit of content, and the acid of the present hour corrected by the sweets of the future.

May the turnpike road to happiness be free from toll bars, and the bye ways furnished with guide posts.

May every mirror we look at cast an honest reflection.

May friendship be enliven'd by good humour, but never wounded by wit.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

May

TOASTS, &c.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May care be a stranger where virtue resides.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.

Honour's best employment.—The protection of innocence.

May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.

May the King live to reward the subject that would die for him.

May the road to preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.

May avarice lose his purse, and benevolence find it:

The first tribute due to Friendship—Gratitude.

May the liberal hand have free access to the purse of plenty.

Beauty without affectation, and merit without conceit.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May the impulse of Generosity never be check'd by the power of Necessity.

May the spirit of contradiction be laid asleep, while conviviality and good humour are enlivened by the juice of the vine.

May we ever keep the whip hand of our enemies.

May every succeeding year strengthen our friendships, and increase our prosperity.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged so to be.

Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May we treat our friends with kindness, and our enemies with generosity.

The

T O A S T S, &c.

The honest fellow who loves his bottle at night, and
his business in the morning.

The cause of liberty throughout the world.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.

May the honest heart never feel distress.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

Virtue for a guide, and Fortune for an attendant.

May Reason be the pilot, when Passion blows the gale.

Those who love pleasure and contribute to it.

The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

May we never feel want, nor ever want feeling.

May the feeling heart possess the fortune the miser
abuses.

The honest fellow that speaks his mind as freely when
he is sober, as when he is drunk.

May we laugh in our cups, and think when we are so-
ber.

May we draw upon Content for the deficiencies of
Fortune.

Every thing of Fortune but her instability.

May Hope be the physician, when Calamity is the
disease.

May the thorns of life only serve to give a zest to its
flowers.

May we always look forward to better things, but
never be discontented with the present.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Love to one, friendship to few, and good-will to all.

Love without fear, life without care.

May the single be married, and the married happy.

May hemp bind those whom honour cannot.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.

May

TOASTS, &c.

- May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.
- May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of England.
- May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.
- May the enemies of England never eat the bread thereof.
- May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.
- May our conscience be sound, though our fortune be rotten.
- May temptation never conquer virtue.
- May we be rich in friends, rather than money.
- May he who wants friendship also want friends.
- May we never know sorrow but by name.
- May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
- May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.
- May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.
- May we never swear a tradesman out of his due, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.
- May we always have a friend, and know his value.
- May they never want, who have spirit to spend.
- May he that made the devil take us all,
- May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.
- May we never want a friend when we have not a bottle to give him.
- May the friends we love be sincere, and the country we live in be free.
- May we never taste the apples of affliction.

More

T O A S T S, &c.

More friends and less need of them.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of Old England.

Plenty to a generous mind.

Provision to the unprovided.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of Great Britain.

Success to the foil, the fleece, and the flail.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

May prudence, moderation, and an invariable attention to the public good, cement the people of England.

The king to the laws, and the church to the bible.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

Our country, and may it continue to be the land of liberty to the end of the world.

Harmony all over the world.

May every day be happier than the last.

The rose of pleasure without the thorn.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candour, and benevolence.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.

May we be happy when alone, and chearful when in company.

May our virtue be healthy without the physic of calamity.

The sweets of sensibility without the bitters.

May every honest man turn out a rogue.

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

A hearty

TOASTS, &c.

May every man have a hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed, to reward the man who fights the battles of his country.

May we never desire what we cannot obtain.

May we be roused, but not rendered desperate, by calamity.

May we fly from the temptations which we cannot resist.

May virtue be our armour when wickedness is our assailant.

May fortune recover her eye-sight, and be just in the distribution of her favours.

The majesty of the people of England.

May the influence of the crown be demolished in its own corruption, and the liberties of the people revive in their own spirit.

The memory of our brave ancestors who brought about the revolution, and may a similar spirit actuate their descendants.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted with the oil of sincerity.

May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the heart.

May we breakfast with health, dine with friendship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with the goddess contentment.

May the regard we have for our own characters deter us from injuring others.

May we take reason and patience in the right hand, and hope in the left.

A speedy exportation to all the enemies of Britain, without a drawback.



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I'll find out all his faults.

A PARODY.

